TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The mutilation of silver coins has evidently become a business in Canada. Fifteen or twenty per cent. of the coins one gets hold of have big holes punched in them. The amount of silver which can be stolen in this way is considerable and to prevent such deterioration in the value of our coinage as will aggregate a large amount, measures should be taken by the merchants and bankers to refuse the acceptance of mutilated coins. Coin punching became such a trade in the United States that business men made a concerted movement, and now a mutilated coin passes for less than even its intrinsic value. For instance, a quarter with a hole in it or with the edge ground off is only worth twenty cents, a punched dime seven or eight cents. Some twenty years ago American silver, then flooding Canada, was removed from circulation here by the general refusal of it at less than twenty per cent. discount. The business of mutilating coins might soon be stopped if a united effort were made and a similar discount insisted upon. If this is not done it will not be long before one out of every two silver pieces in circulation will have had five or ten per cent. of its metallic value removed. Those whose business is of such a character that a large amount of small change comes in, must have noticed how prevalent this species of pilfering has become.

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The discussion of what shape the various memorials to Sir John shall take has developed in many quarters a utilitarianism which gives color to the assertion made some time ago by an American writer, that Canadians are lacking in the artistic impulse. A great many people have expressed the opinion that the memorial should be in the nature of a school, a hospital or useful building of some sort. Those who make these propositions are not slow to say that statues are largely a waste of money. I do no take this view of the worth of statues erected to commemorate the deeds of great men.

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The object of a memorial is to keep green the memory of those we believe have done great things. To best do this the memorial must be in a conspicuous place where everyone seeing it will naturally inquire its meaning. A building becomes known as the place where a certain thing is done; it is an art gallery, or a hospital, or a bank or store, and the object for which the building was erected is largely forgotten. Not so with a statue. It has no meaning or use except a commemorative one. The boy or girl who for the first time sees it asks questions about it and the answers teach, or should teach our youth the history of the man and his effect upon the time when he was a conspicuous figure. There are few children in this city who would know anything about George Brown were it not for his statue in the park. The children of twenty years from now would know nothing of him at all, and when they grow older would not become interested in his career were it not for the statue. Excursionists who go up Niagara river and see Brock's monument ask who Brock was, and if their companions are as well informed as they should be the youngsters hear the story of his heroism. Then by all means, if a fund is raised in Toronto and this province for a memorial to Sir John, let his statue be erected in the most conspicuous place we can find. Finally, I do not believe money for anything else can be raised; indeed, I am not sure that sufficient even for such a statue as would do the city credit will be forthcoming. The French say that gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come, and as no favors can be expected from the dead small subscriptions can be expected to erect statues to their memory. The experience of those who have tried to build by popular subscription, statues to the heroes of the United States is in proof of this: the half finished work upon many of them is sufficient, yea, damning evidence of the ingratitude of democracies.

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I am not sure that our many charitable institutions, divided up as they are under so many managements, can produce as good results as if they were under civic and provincial control. The maintenance of each inmate of one local institution costs nearly fifty cents a day, though this is the price of board paid by the majority of workers whose means are not ample, to the keepers of ordinary boarding-houses. In other institutions the cost of caring for the inmates is but little more than half this amount. If the large sums of money handled by these various boards of control were placed in a general fund and frugally handled, much more might be accomplished. As the world gets older the prejudice against going to a public hospital is dying out, and as the socialistic idea that the state should care for those who can not care for themselves becomes prevalent, the thought that it is disgraceful to be an inmate of an almshouse or the object of public charity is giving way to the acceptance of assistance as a right which every man, woman and child may demand without any loss of self-respect. I can very well remember when it was thought shameful for a family to send a lunatic to a public asylum; it was even considered more respectable to let a crazy friend wander at large annoying a whole community, than to confine him or her in a madhouse. Nowadays the neighbors of a family that has a lunatic member will not permit the general peace and safety to be jeopardized by an unrestrained crazy person. I have known the life of a whole family to be ruined, barns burned and the mother burdened to death by an idiot son or daughter. Nowadays this misfortune is partially borne by the community and an idiot asylum provides a refuge. Very soon poverty and all misfortunes to the poor at least, must be cared for in the same public spirited way, not as charity but as the right every human being has, after being brought into this world, to be cared for if he or she cannot take care of himself or herself. It may be necessary to make them work, but they cannot be let starve. The means to do this should not be obtained by subscription nor managed by inexperienced or uninspected persons. As this sort of thing is a charge on the community I hold it to be entirely wrong that any fund raised to erect a memorial for Sir John Macdonald should be diverted from the proper object by investing it in some utilitarian scheme. And this I urge quite apart from my well grounded belief that money enough cannot be raised to build any decently conspicuous commemorative edifice.

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The meeting held in the City Hall to consider this memorial question as compared with old-time meetings to listen to Sir John, was a disheartening exhibition of how little men care for the dead. It is said that women cling longer to those who are gone and even they, cynics have said, like politicians are sometimes seemingly devoted to the deceased husband that they may be attractive to the available man. I should be very sorry to think that this does not under-estimate the tenacity of a woman's heart tendrils which cling about the memory of even unworthy men, but I am quite certain that a great many of those who made so great a parade of their grief when Sir John died were anxious to become conspicuous as partizans rather than afflicted friends. A contemporary inquires, "If office holders who owe food and clothes to his (Sir John's) favor had turned out, they could have filled a hall in their own strength." Either the whole country owes something to Sir John or nobody does. If only those that he permitted to occupy offices are indebted to him, the debt of Canada to the deceased Premier is very small. It must be admitted, as our contemporary alleges, that the movement has had "an undeniably bad beginning." It is officered, by one at least, who has never developed anything but a desire to be conspicuous at the public's expense. Yet the motive which suggested the placing of the Mayor at the head of the movement was born of the idea that as the chief executive of the city he can appeal without partizanship to all classes alike, and for that reason he should be acceptable and I hope the movement will be the great success it deserves to be.

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Toronto was not the only place which this year celebrated Dominion Day in a proper and patriotic manner. The pretty town of Barrie, no insignificant place either, proved itself more worthy of existence in Canada on that day than the Dominion Parliament itself. Headed by a band playing national airs, the school children of Barrie marched to the Agricultural Park, the volunteers, the firemen and all the municipal magnates joining in. J. C. Morgan, the inspector of schools and a musician of no mean repute, acted as director, and the songs were such as every Canadian should delight to hear. Mr. Daniel Spry, the chairman, introduced Sir Richard Cartwright, who hoisted the flag and made a speech. Mayor Pepler, a very clever barrister whose father was an alderman in Toronto, addressed the audience; Col. Denison made a characteristic and stirring appeal to young Canada, and the Rev. Father Teefy wound up with an oration worthy of the race from which he sprung and the cause for which he spoke. I often wonder why the better towns and cities of Canada, for their own sake as well as for Canada at large, do not endeavor to make such displays as will attract the country people and educate all those who see and hear. Barrie has surpassed every other place except Toronto, yet there are a hundred localities which could successfully in their own regard and with infinite benefit to national sentiment, have celebrations of this sort. Of course if our Dominion Parliament sees fit to ignore the day we cannot hope for great things, yet our legislators of themselves are a minor factor in the commonwealth. If the citizens do their duty, those who sit in Parliament will know better than to slight that which the people hold dear.

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Odd wasn't it, that a single week should reveal to us so much of the trend of what is called, or calls itself, public opinion in Canada? Sometimes those of us who hold down editorial chairs in Toronto imagine that we know all about the opinion of Ontario. Country papers have legitimate reason to sneer at us in this respect. The Dominion Parliament, however, are still less in touch with the people than the newspaper people who imagine they voice the opinion of the masses. There was St. Peter and St. Paul's day. I have no information as to whether those apostolic personages made it convenient for our Dominion Parliament by being born upon the same date, but Rome at least insists upon the conjoint observance of a day in their memory. Then we had Dominion Day, the celebration of which no one appears to have insisted upon, and on Saturday came the Fourth of July, the Independence Day of our Yankee neighbors, upon which date our legislators saw fit to adjourn. Apparently Canada stands a meaningless interrogation point between the apostles and Jim Blaine, with the respectability all in favor of the apostles. A reciprocity treaty and a chance to make votes in border counties is with Blaine and Yankeedom, but between the apostles and the deep sea of McKinleyism Canada itself apparently comes to naught.

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I have a communication before me from a good friend of mine, a parish priest and a Christian gentleman for whom I have great regard. It indicates what he considers and what I do not consider a scriptural reason for the observance of alleged apostolic birthdays. He urges that seldom since Confederation has Parliament been called upon to adjourn in order that the Catholic employes and members of the House should have an opportunity of fasting and prayer when the respective apostolic leaders of the Jews and Gentiles went hence. Now, I can agree with my dear friend that summer sessions have been rare, and I was glad to see in his letter that he regrets as much as I do that Dominion Day was slighted, and I know he will deplore the fact that our parliamentarians forgot their promise and adjourned on the Fourth of July. I desire simply to call his attention to the gravamen of the charge I made that in Canada saints' days and all sorts of days are regarded as superior to our national birthday, that the sectarianism, religious and racial, which divides this land into opposing camps is largely responsible for the making of holidays so numerous that some have to be let go, and for the creation of the sentiment which apparently makes it decent to permit the birthday of the nation to be the last to demand observance. When the Fourth of July, the day most esteemed by the Opposition, is held in higher regard at the Capital than the First of July, we have but to think of the meaning of these anniversaries and wonder how our self-respect can be maintained if we deny the value of what is our own and exalt the worth of that which commemorates the splitting off from the British Empire of its most valuable territory. Surely we must have fallen upon evil days and into evil ways if our national estimate of ourselves has become so degenerate. I would not urge that it was altogether out of respect to the authorities at Washington that business was put aside on Saturday last, but I do desire to emphasize the fact that Rome did not permit us to forget *her* day, that our legislators refused to observe *our* day and either by accident or design *did* observe the great day of our neighbors—and all this in one week. The whole business should make every Canadian blush. The grave and reverend seigniors at Ottawa have long since outlived the blushing period, but their constituencies should take some measures to make them ashamed—perhaps not of their lack of patriotism, but at least of their lack of political acumen. If Canada has nothing so sacred, not even its birthday, that our legislators can remember, there should be at least an emphatic protest entered, and entered in such a vigorous shape that it will not be forgotten.

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The cloud-burst at Catorce in Mexico, causing the death by drowning of a large number of people and the flooding of mines and the washing away of much valuable ore, reminds me of a visit to that interesting and strangely located town. The train on the Mexican National Railway stops at Catorce for dinner. Catorce means fourteen, and got its name from the fourteen brigands who discovered it. The railway station is eight miles from the mining town in the mountains, and no wheeled vehicle was ever heard in the uneven streets which wind about precipices and end in bridle paths up which a pack mule can hardly climb. It is little more than a village in appearance, but it looks out over plains that the eye can follow for hundreds of miles. From the green trees at the base of the hills a winding road reaches the mines and the quartz mills. Over a hundred years ago silver was discovered there, and ore of fabulous richness gave it a fame which still belongs to the quaint town which has hundreds of mines and miles of shafting and tunnelling. The draining of the St. Augustin mine alone extends into the mountain for nearly two miles, and cost a million and a half of dollars. One can imagine the enormous loss of life and property occasioned by a cloud-burst in these mountains which flooded these vast excavations almost in a moment, and the telegraphic despatches describe the deluge as something which came without warning, and the torrents of water picked up innumerable tons of ore and scores of miners and roared with them through the streets into the valleys thousands of feet below. I suppose the scattered town has altogether a population of some eight or ten thousand, possibly nearly twice as many. It is one of the most delightful places in the southern republic, it being never visited except by those who are willing to undertake a perilous ride up the mountains and along its streets which often run up at an angle of forty-five degrees. Understanding the peculiarities of this secluded place where mines of untold wealth have been yielding some of them three million dollars' worth of ore annually for nearly a hundred years, perhaps a better conception of the catastrophe which overtook it can be had.

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The electrocution of Kemmler in Sing Sing prison by the authorities of New York State, was the first attempt to replace the hangman's rope with an electrical machine. The "job," as a hangman would call it, was bungled. Four criminals who were put to death in the same chair on Tuesday passed painlessly away in a few seconds. It is not an unnatural question to ask if this modern method will not rob the death penalty of a certain amount of its horror, and some may imagine that the execution having become less of a butchery, the deterrent effect of capital punishment may be less. I do not believe that executions prevent people from committing crimes; otherwise I would advocate the old-fashioned gibbet where thousands saw the poor murderer hanged, and buzzards plucked the decaying flesh from his bones as they swung from a beam on the highway or caused the country side to shudder as they passed them on a lonely moor. We hang these people because we want to remove them from the world where there are already too many people unfit to live, for whose removal we have no scriptural excuse.

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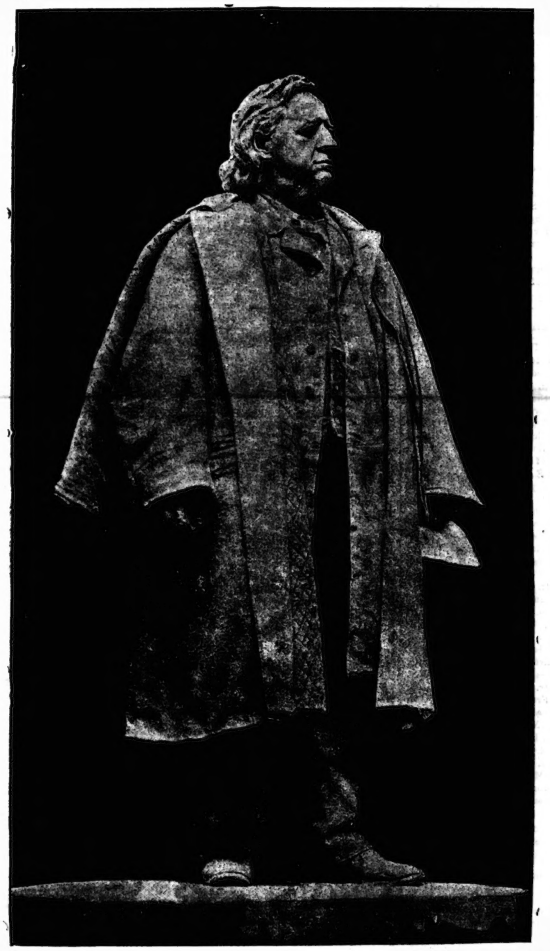
Those who are opposed to capital punishment imagine that it is better to imprison murderers during the term of their natural life, and thus prevent them from adding to the crimes they have already committed. This means an immense cost to the state for maintaining men whose lives are a curse to the



The Beecher Monument.

community and to themselves. The solitary confinement of a man who has no hope of ever obtaining his liberty is a much more dreadful punishment than death. Nothing seems to me more dreadful than the confinement of a hopeless wretch separated from humankind, the prey of his vicious thoughts as he has been the victim of his vicious nature. Providing that the maintenance of a criminal convicted in youth and sentenced to a life term costs only twenty-five cents a day, and as there is a considerable probability that he may live for forty years, without reckoning his share of the cost of the penitentiary or the wages of the guards, it would make him burden the taxpayer to the extent of $3,650. The state cannot afford to give honest men that amount to start them in life or to pension them through old age. Then why should a homicidal villain be permitted to become so great an expense? Let them be removed as quickly, as cheaply and as painlessly as possible and give honest people a chance. It is better all round. Why keep them alive when they are unfit to live and the sacred law plainly enough demands that they be put to death? Here in Ontario we are providing plenty of work for an electrical chair, and now that this method of execution is shown to be a success the Government would be wise in providing the machinery for executing murderers without the horrors surrounding the hangman's noose. Another advance that the authorities of New York state have made is the preventing as far as possible the newspaper reporters from writing columns of blood-curdling rubbish and degrading sensationalism supposed to be descriptive of the last hours of condemned murderers. There never was a more degrading thing put in type in Canada than the description of Birchall's ante-mortem eccentricities. It is a wonder that this poison, so widely spread by the newspapers, did not produce imitators of the flippant youth who was made into a hero of penny dreadful romance. We are certainly far in advance of many of the American states with regard to the administration of justice, but the two features of the New York law referred to are worthy of being imitated by our authorities.

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Yesterday was tax day. How people do hate to pay taxes! To four out of five, at least, it seems like being robbed. In the moments when they have to yield up a portion of their hard-earned gains to pay taxes, they forget that they are paying a bill as necessary to their peace and happiness as that which they incur with the grocer, the baker or the butcher. More than a quarter of the amount we pay is for things more or less necessary that we have had in the past. It is like one of those old bills you know which run on and on and on, until when we come to pay them we feel like disputing every item. Nearly a fifth of it is for our schools; we do not pay so much a month like we used to under the old rate-bill. We would not be without this; even those who have no children of their own could not look their neighbors in the face and refuse to pay a portion of the expense necessary to educate the youth of the city. Then an eighth of it nearly is for the administration of justice, the largest amount of which is to pay for the policemen who are intended to keep peace on our streets and prevent burglars breaking into our houses. A trifle is for the Free Library; about a seventh of it for keeping the streets in order, sweeping, cleaning, watering and lighting them. It has not been very well done but it has to be done, and, as we find, has to be paid for. It is when we come to what they call "general city purposes," nearly twenty-five per cent. of the whole business, that we really have a right to kick. But it is of no use kicking now. The time to enter our protest will be when the January elections come around and then the wound will be sort of healed and we will feel too lazy to attend to our duty, and mismanagement will be permitted to continue with high taxes as the result, and another very sore place this time next year. It is possible that we may have had such an extra big dose of tax paying in 1891 that may sharpen our memories and hasten our steps poll-wards in January, 1892. If so, our afflictions will not have been in vain.

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I have a few more contributions to the Fresh Air Fund to acknowledge this week. Does it not strike you that they are coming in a little bit slowly? I hope, kind folk, that tax paying is not to dry up the springs of human kindness. After paying your instalment if you have a dollar or two over, send it along for the youngsters who are too poor to pay taxes and have nothing to pay taxes on, but whose misery is a hundred-fold harder to bear than sixteen and three-quarter mills on the dollar. I notice a "Country girl" and another lady in Parry Sound have been kind enough to remember that while they do not lack fresh air and sunshine and something to eat, their gentle hearts are softened towards those whose misery has appealed to the readers of these columns. I hope these shall not be the only contributions from outsiders. Everyone is our neighbor, and responsibility for the misery of others extends beyond the city in which the afflicted live.

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Whisky, so the daily newspapers say, is to be increased from five to ten cents a glass. This is a good temperance movement, and I hope the hotelkeepers will stick to it. Moreover, it affords a good time for a man to "swear off" if he thinks ten cents too much for a drink. As it happens, it only costs ten cents each to send youngsters out to the country for a day or give them a sail on the lake, with a sandwich and a glass of milk for lunch. Some of those who feel like it, might slip a dime in their vest pockets every time a drink suggests itself and they mentally refuse to pay the additional price. At the end of a week very few of us would have less than a dollar to send to the Fresh Air Fund. It would be a good experiment and I would like to hear that some of the boys had tried it. In more senses than one they would feel better at the end of the week.

Following are this week's contributions:

Previously acknowledged	$23 50
Single Tax	2 10
No Name	5 00
Country Girl	2 00
"W," Goderich	1 00
E. H. D.	5 00
H. P. M.	5 00
Total	$43 50

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Those who imagined that our lake could not make a first-class exhibition of itself during a storm, were undeceived last Friday. I happened to cross the lake that day, and many of the sailors and officers of the boats admitted that they came very near getting sick, so near that some of them had to seek seclusion for a few moments. A large Sunday school picnic took place on that unfortunate day, and as the steamer lay at the dock at night, not venturing, owing to an accident to the breakwater, to leave till morning, I went down and visited it, and of all the picnics imaginable that was the most sole an affair I ever saw. The large cabin was crowded and every inch of floor space was occupied by sleeping children, the mothers and fathers and the young folks sitting up nodding in their chairs. Two or three mothers with babies were having a most memorable trip, yet with all the disadvantages and misfortunes which surrounded that picnic party, to the most of them it would serve a better purpose that a smooth sail and a strict observance by the steamer of its time-card. An excursion or a picnic is never excessively, hilariously joyful; as a rule the discomforts outweigh everything but the novelty of the experience. I know a number of people who never go to picnics or let their children go to them, because they say there is no enjoyment in them. They are mistaken. Life is such a treadmill-round, it has in it so much of monotony and so little of excitement and change that anything, even if it be disagreeable, is a relief. Even tired mothers, after they get their babies home after a trip of this sort, find their household duties less grinding, insomuch as they have a distinct recollection of something worse. Variety is not all pleasure, and anything that proves, to the average youngster, or the older ones for that matter, that unvarying contentment and an absence of things aggressively disagreeable are more pleasing than wandering, even though it be exciting, has a distinct value. But it seems to me that these picnics, especially ones of the sort which wandered home last Saturday morning, must induce all those taking part to stay away from that kind of thing for the balance of the year. Yet so quickly do we forget little inconveniences that I have no doubt that in memory it will be one of the most notable and pleasing events in the lives of the youngsters taking part in it.

DON.

Social and Personal.

The marriage of Miss Ethel Osler and Mr. Mervyn MacKenzie took place at St. Simon's church, Howard street, at half-past eleven on Thursday morning. Rev. Canon Osler of York Mills was the officiating clergyman. The bride's dress was a rich palm pattern brocade bodice and petticoat, with a train of bengaline. The bodice was trimmed with old point lace. Her floral choice was orange blossoms and lily of the valley. The bridesmaids, the Misses E., A. M., and Mary Osler, and Rachel and Amy Gwyn, wore gowns of cream Bedford cord, with yellow sashes and lace sleeves, shirred hats of cream chiffon, and cream roses. The best man was Mr. Herbert Gwyn. A charming wee man attired in white satin and lace, *a la* Lord Fauntleroy, attracted many loving and admiring glances from the guests. A reception was held at Craigsleigh, the residence of Mr. Osler, at which I noticed among the crowd of guests Canon, Mrs. and Miss Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Banks, Judge, Mrs. and the Misses Osler, Mr. and Mrs. George Bethune, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses R. H. Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Scarth, Mr. Ernest Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, the Misses Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Archie McLean, Mrs. and Miss Francis, Miss Osler, Mr. Harry Osler, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mrs. Wyld of Dundas, Mrs. and Miss Lamond Smith, Miss Barker, Dr. and Mrs. Morson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wyld, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, the Misses Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Payne, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Bath, Mr. and Mrs. C. Gwyn of Dundas, Messrs. Gordon, Britton, and Glyn Osler and Mr. Charles Bath.

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Miss Ethel Merrill of Belleville, who has been visiting in the city, left to-day for Montreal.

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Mrs. D. McDermid, formerly of Jarvis street, has removed to Kensington crescent, corner Park road, Rosedale.

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Miss Jessie Alexander has returned from a most successful trip to the Pacific coast.

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Mr. Creswick of Trinity College is in Kingston, the guest of Rev. M. M. Harding of St. George's Cathedral.

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Mrs. A. Carpenter of Buffalo is visiting her brother, Mr. L. S. Levee, at 129 Bathurst street.

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Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Williams of Detroit are visiting Mrs. Bloor of Bloor street east.

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Faith Fenton of the *Empire* has gone to New York for some weeks' vacation.

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Mrs. William Trent of Bathurst street is visiting her brother, Dr. Seymour, in Calais, Me.

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The Misses E. and A. Davison of College street, accompanied by Mr. J. B. Davison, left on Tuesday last to spend the summer at Lake Rosseau.

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There were quite a number of ladies over at the Yacht Club on Tuesday afternoon. Among the number we noticed Mrs. Meyrick Banks, Mrs. C. Baines, Mrs. Totten, Mrs. O'Reilly, Mrs. Winstanley, Miss Howitt, the Misses Cawthra and many others.

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Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, Q.C., who has just recovered from an attack of low fever, left on Thursday for the northern lakes, accompanied by Mrs. Johnston.

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Mr. A. H. St. Germain of North Toronto, his wife and daughter and his cousin, Miss Flossie Lynch of Boston, have gone by steamer Van couver for a year's tour beyond the seas.

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A pleasant affair occurred in Fergus on Wednesday, July 8, being the marriage of Alex. Russell of London to Miss Bella Imlah of Fergus. Many friends and relatives of the contracting parties witnessed the ceremony. The wedding gifts were very beautiful. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. Mr. Craig, Presbyterian. Mr. and Mrs. Russell will reside in London.

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Mr. Roden Kingsmill entertained a number of his friends on Wednesday afternoon on the steam yacht Rosamond. A very pleasant afternoon was spent, the party returning to town at nine o'clock all well pleased with a delightful outing.

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On Monday evening last Lawton Park, the hospitable residence of Mrs. Fisken, was thrown open to the public on the occasion of the garden party of the Deer Park Presbyterian church. Chinese lanterns hung in festoons and singly amidst the foliage and around the booths. First class music was provided by the Eglinton Brass Band, under the direction of Mr. E. W. D. Butler. An impromptu platform was arranged on the veranda, and seats having been placed on the broad lawn in front, a short and refined entertainment was given by Mr. Harry Simpson and Mr. Owen A. Smily. Mr. Simpson's ventriloquism met with well deserved applause, as did also Mr. Smily's recitation. A handsome sum was netted towards the funds of the church.

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Mr. and Mrs. Saulter and daughter of Isabella street are summering at Center Island.

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Mr. James Denny of the Merchants' Bank, Montreal, has been visiting his relatives in Toronto.

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Mr. R. C. Kirkpatrick is home for a short vacation.

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The concert and At Home given last Saturday by the Island Aquatic Association was well attended, though the threatening weather kept many away. The committee worked hard to make everything pleasant and must be congratulated upon the success of their arrangements. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. B. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Muldrew, Mr. and Mrs. Goldman, Mrs. Bendelari, Mr. Keighley, Mrs. and Miss Vivian, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bartlett, Mrs. and Miss Francis, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Kertland, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wade, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Mr. Mundy, Mr. Grant Stewart, Mr. N. McCrae, Mr. G. E. McCrae, Mr. and Mrs. J. Boyd, Mrs. Godfrey, Miss Arthurs, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Elgie, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dennis, Mr. A. Morrison. The managers have requested me to notice that none of the Islanders will be admitted on the tickets provided for the city friends of the members of the association.

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The following are registered at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire: Mr. D. McEntyre, jr., Mr. J. B. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. Armantinger Rhodes, Miss Alleman, Mr. C. Drinkwater, Mr. and Mrs. H. Watson, Mr. J. W. Stirling, Mr. G. R. Hooper, Mr. H. B. Yates, J. A. Kinlock, M.D., Alex. Gardner, M.D., Mr. A. E. Brock, Mr. C. T. Hurt, Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Hebden, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Baile, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bone, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. J. Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McGill, Mr. H. A. McLaren, Miss Spence, Rev. Dr. and Mr. J. B. Morton, Mr. W. H. Murphy, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Frank May, Mrs. P. S. and Miss Stevenson, Miss Whitehead, Mr. C. R. Cumberland, Mr. Hugh Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Nelligan, Mrs. E. M. St. Jean, Mrs. Wonham, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss Young, Miss Wonham, Mr. Austin, Mr. J. Robertson, Mr. David Watson, jr., all of Montreal, Mr. H. D. Hammond of New York, Mr. A. Gerard, M.P.P., and Mrs. Gerard of Marieville, Mrs. C.L. Gault of Ottawa, Mr. Henry Yates of Brantford.

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Miss Maud Yarker, Miss Homer-Dixon, Miss Hodgins, Messrs. Langton, Frank Darling and Gordon Jones are at Longnissa on the Georgian Bay.

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Messrs. E. H. Bickford, Philip Du Moulin, C. B. Du Moulin and A. R. Dable have just returned from a fortnight's camp on the Georgian Bay. The Rev. Street Macklem kindly gave them the use of his lovely island. They spent the time sailing and fishing, and had very good luck at the latter. They report having killed a copperhead five and a half feet long, but not being aware of its identity at the time failed to preserve it.

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A jolly party of canoeists leave to day for the Rideau to enjoy a well earned holiday. They are Messrs M. M. Kertland, R. A. Robinson, Arthur Hill and S. M. Walker. Mr. Walker is from Montreal. The gentlemen will spend about a fortnight on their trip.

*

The wedding of M. Louis Bacque and Miss Harriett Scott took place on Tuesday evening. After the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Mr. Williams, the newly wed held a reception before leaving for New York. One always finds a bride interesting and charming, but not often is she as lovely as Mrs. Bacque, who, as Miss Scott, was one of Toronto's most beautiful daughters. Mr. and Mrs. Bacque will, so I am told, reside on Borden street. Among their congratulating friends were Judge and Mrs. Osler, Prof. and Mrs. Hirschfelder, Mr. C. and Miss Hirschfelder, Rev. J. P. Lewis, Mr. and the Misses Symons, Mrs. Northcote, Hon. S. C. and Mrs. Wood, Miss Wood, Colonel and the Misses Milligan, Mr. A. and Miss Macdonell, Mr. and Mrs. Eddis, Mr. J. H. and the Misses Eddis, Mr. and Miss Hart, Miss Mac Mahon, Dr. Davidson, the Misses Allen, the Misses Howland, Mr. and Mrs. Dunstan, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Thompson, J. Castell Hopkins, Miss F. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Weatherston, Mr. John A. Murray, Mr. and Miss Scott, etc.

*

S. B. Sykes and family have moved to the Center Island for the summer.

*

The Toronto Bicycle Club gave an At Home in their new club house, Jarvis street, on Thursday evening. Many tasteful and hand some articles were donated by the members and their friends towards the decoration of the new rooms. An apartment has been set apart for the use of the lady members of the club. The At Home was most enjoyable.

*

Dr. Edward Bull has leased his residence on Bloor street west for a year to Mr. B. E. Bull-Sheffield. Mrs. Sheffield's enjoyable tennis parties on Mondays, from five to eight, will be continued during the season at her new home.

*

Dr. E. and Mrs. Bull are going abroad for the restoration of Mrs. Bull's health.

*

Word has been received from Mr. W. A. Murray, at Carlsbad, Germany. This well known Torontonian is regaining health and strength under the treatment pursued at this famous resort.

*

Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther have gone to their summer residence at Cobourg, where the prospects for a pleasant season are very bright, as many friends have been invited to visit them.

*

Mrs. Lawrence Cosgrave and family leave on Saturday for Port Hope, where they will remain till September.

*

Another Torontonian who is abroad in search of health is Mr. Harry Fletcher, who is sojourning in the Golden State at the city of Los Gatos. I am glad to state that Mr. Fletcher's letters tell of great improvement in his state of health.

*

Mr. W. Spratt of the Bank of Montreal has been transferred to Hamilton. Previous to his departure his confreres presented him with a valuable gold watch.

*

The proceeds of the entertainments held at the Center Island on Saturdays throughout the year, will be given to the Sick Children's Hospital, with the exception of one fourth which goes to the Fresh Air Fund. Thus the idea of Islanders aiding the charities which are connected with the Island will be consistently carried out.

*

On Saturdays through the season competitions between lady members in canoeing, swimming, etc., will be held. These and the children's competitions are always full of interest to visitors.

*

The athletic sports of the Bankers' Association will be held this afternoon at the Rosedale grounds. This event always rouses a good deal of interest among the banking fraternity and their fair friends.

*

A number of small tennis parties have been held this week. One at Miss Nairn's and one at Miss Taylor's on Jarvis street came under my observant eye.

*

Mrs. James Smith and family are summering at Roach's Point.

*

Mrs. John Wright and family are making holiday at Ha Ha Bay.

*

Mrs. Hebden and family will go shortly to Roach's Point for the summer.

A handsome Gothic monument of Westerly granite is to be placed over Emma Abbott's ashes in the Oak Grove Cemetery at Gloucester, Mass. It will be fifty-seven feet high, costing eighty-five thousand dollars, and in some respects will resemble the Prince Albert Memorial in London. When she was arranged for cremation, Miss Abbott wore her favorite Paris dress of rich, heavy cream silk, trimmed elaborately with ribbons and laces, and embroidered in gold thread, also a part of the handsome veil which she was accustomed to wear as Juliet. This veil was purchased in Paris and Miss Abbott called it her mascot, because she was always successful after she bought it. One half of it was cut up into souvenirs for her company. The ashes remaining after the cremation were placed in a copper urn which was securely sealed, and then deposited in a vault of the Safe Deposit Company in New York, until the completion of the monument at Gloucester.

FIRST HOP OF THE SEASON

QUEEN'S ROYAL HOTEL

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Hops Every Saturday Evening

During the season, excepting July 11.

Tickets, good for steamboat fare and board at hotel from Saturday to Monday, can be purchased at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, for $5

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LAKE SIMCOE

This favorite resort is being made more attractive than ever. The hotel has been refitted, the grounds have been laid out anew, six new cottages are ready to be let, lots can be had for a trifle, a planing mill is on the ground, and material for building can be had for half of city prices.

Steamer Kendrick connects with Barrie, Orillia, Bradford and Beaverton. Direct train connection via Midland Railway to Jackson's Point twice daily. Summer tickets for fifty miles at commuted rates.

Apply for terms, etc., W. S. RAMSAY, Sutton West.

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Special Sale of Gloves During July and August

Kid-Fitting Silk Gloves from 50c.

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Glace Gloves at Greatly Reduced Prices

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is a book designed to help housekeepers keep cool in hot weather. You need not fret or worry about the table. Everything is all planned out for you. Here is an attractive array of pleasant, delightful, wholesome things, ready for serving up. Of course you must do the cooking. But that's a small item when the book tells how. Follow directions and you'll come out all right. Seventy-five cents in cloth. Send money to us and we will pay the postage.

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Society Stationers King Street East, Toronto

Between You and Me.

OULD any kind City Father explain to me why I have to pay taxes for the cedar block pavement this year, as well as for the asphalt? Between five and six years ago, when I bought my present residence, the cedar block pavement raised a smile on my countenance and a bump on my knee, through its extremely erratic ups and downs. It was even then, in the heyday of its youth, as a glory departed. For four years we rattled over it, in its odoriferous hummocks and valleys, varied by a patching stone slab; and every time we paid our taxes we came home wondering at the irony of fate which left a neighboring and important thoroughfare unpaved, and played such a protracted practical joke upon us in our retiring little highway. Then—last year—patience was rewarded by the advent of an asphalt pavement, and we thought we had seen the happy last of the cedar blocks. But after all we have not. My better half explains to me that there are debentures and so long as they "run" we shall have to pay for them, and that though the block pavement was worn out in two or three years, the debentures show no sign of weakening but live into a good old age and run merrily on. Can't some one head them off? or run them into the City Council and scare those princely prodigals with other folks' cash who inhabit there. I know if I managed my house as they manage the city, there would be a revolt and a heavy reckoning!

•

The good ship Aller from New York carries Rudyard Kipling and a fire-eating German professor to the land of sauer kraut this week. The Simla story-teller goes for his health (and may the sea breezes soon restore it!) and the professor goes, so says the naughty newspaper, to challenge and fight the Emperor of Germany because he has not had Bismarck put to death. Either the professor or the newspaper man had a bee in his bonnet when this story was started.

•

The question as to whether marriage is a failure or not may never be satisfactorily answered, but certainly it has been a consoler in some instances. When the world and his wife turned against Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Stewart Parnell and Sir William Gordon Cumming, these three worthies consoled themselves and defied fate under the silver beams of a honeymoon.

•

Do you like picnics? It has been a pathetic and touching tale which has reached me from the various assemblies of little folks who were on picnics bent for the last week or two, and in considering their disappointments I have found myself musing on what the picnic is and what it should be. One is fain to forget the buttery children, the grimy parents and the draggled girls one sees in the public gardens and parks of the city and its suburbs, and one shrinks from the crowded train, with its perspiring inmates bearing their loads of evil-smelling faded ferns and disheartened-looking wild flowers—and one rebels outright at the chilled and miserable wrecks on the buffeted steamer who have given up hope—and every other thing—half an hour after sailing! And thinking of these things I don't like picnics!

•

But a memory of other picnics, where in days gone by I took my pleasure, comes gently round the corner of my averted approval. I want to see what they will look like after many years. One comes, sure of its welcome. It is down among the caves of Cheddar, land of cheeses, where the broad-shouldered country women and the bare-footed little Britons sell you three lumps of Spar for twopence. We were six good friends in a neat wagonette, who drove up to a tiny cottage with a tiny garden, odorous with pinks and wallflowers, and in their midst an altogether tiny arbor, made of slat work and rustic seats. A wee painted board hung from one shining cottage window, on which was inscribed, "Hot water and crockery here." We located ourselves on the rustic benches and spread our English picnic, a cottage loaf, a pot of butter, a tiny roast of beef, a noble plate of cherries—such cherries as never have I seen before nor since.

•

The prettiest, plumpest, rosiest cottager, with hair like yellow satin and eyes like forget-me-nots, came trotting out with six plates, cups, spoons and a teapot, and we picnicked. I found my way into the first real English cottage I had ever explored, before we left and I never saw anything quainter, sweeter, more deliciously homelike, but our sanitary inspectors would have had a fit over several of its peculiarities. Ah! the English picnic of ten years ago, how lovely it was!

•

I went to another, two years ago, which was funny enough because I did not understand one word my entertainers said, and had I spoken my speech would have been as Greek to them also. They were brown-eyed, slim-limbed, picturesque, smiling, eager that I should enjoy everything and their eyes and their smiles were so eloquent that I needed no dictionary to translate their goodwill. We had dinner under great forest trees on a sward like velvet; the music of the spheres sounded around and about us, and as the shadows lengthened and the August moon arose betimes, earth and its sordid cares seemed far away and Paradise just round the corner; and before that picnic was ended and I came home richer by three or four perfect hours, hands full of roses and clusters of grapes pale as opals or dark as thunder clouds, I had given the better part of my heart to my hosts and their lovely home in Hungary! So far away, so dream-like are these two picnics, that I only remember them as one remembers a vision of the night—a silver vision among all the picnic nightmares of Niagara and Long Branch and—the Island!

•

I have letters from some girl correspondents asking me how to make a rose jar—and I am going to make a little more room in the overcrowded correspondence column by telling them the recipe here: Gather your rose leaves when the noon sun is on them and drop over them daintily some dry salt, with a small amount of the following mixture all of which you can obtain at a good drug store: Orris root, 4 oz. oil of cloves or bruised cloves, 3 oz. gum benzoin, 2 oz. calamus root, 4 oz. angelica root, 6 oz., true oil of cinnamon, 10 drops, oil of bitter almonds, 40 drops, essence of bergamot 1 drachm, English oil of lavender 40 drops, oil of verbena 30 drops. This will make a goodly stock of flavoring for the rose jar, and you can get less if you wish. Drop it on the rose leaves, turning them every day and keeping the jar closely covered.

LADY GAY.

Diltz's Reward.

Polhemus Diltz set his lips firmly together, buttoned his coat about him, and started for home. He found Mrs. Diltz in the sitting-room. Merely remarking that it was a chilly day, he threw a package into the fire that burned in the grate.

"What is that, Polhemus?" Mrs. Diltz inquired somewhat sharply.

"Nothing but my pipe and cigar-case. I have sworn off from smoking," he answered with a yawn.

Mrs. Diltz looked pleased, but made no comment.

"It will save me at least one hundred dollars a year, Mary Jane," observed Polhemus, with another yawn, as he walked aimlessly about the room with his hands in his pockets, "and the habit's a nuisance, anyhow.

"It certainly is," assented Mrs. Diltz. "I'm glad you've quit—if you'll only stay quit."

Mr. Diltz continued his aimless walk about the room. Presently he brought up in front of a small closet that he had been in the habit of hanging his smoking cap and jacket in. He opened it, took those garments out and inspected them.

"While I am about it, I'll make a clean job of it," he said. "I'll hang these things in the woodshed, and the next tramp that comes along can have them. You can use this closet for anything you like."

Mr. Diltz resumed his nonchalant walk about the room, extending his stroll into the adjoining apartment.

"Seems to me we don't have more than half enough closets in this house," he observed. "If I were building a house for human beings to live in I'd put in fifty of them. Now, here's a place under the stairway where I could have a good large closet made. I suppose you'd object to it, though."

"No, I wouldn't. It would just suit me, Polhemus," she responded warmly.

"Well, I'll have it done."

Polhemus kept on yawning and strolling about the room.

"There are half a dozen other places where I should like to have closets built or shelves put up while you are about it," ventured his wife, somewhat timidly.

"All right. You can have as many as you want."

Mrs. Diltz went behind a door and hugged herself. Mr. Diltz continued to walk about unconcernedly.

"What—what would you like for dinner this evening, Polhemus?"

"Anything, Mary Jane, anything. I don't know but I'd like some hot biscuits, only——"

"Only what?"

"Bridget doesn't know how to make good biscuits."

"Why, Polhemus, do you like my biscuits better than Bridget's?"

"I never eat anybody's biscuits but yours, if I can help it."

"Oh, Polhemus!"

Mrs. Diltz came nearer to her husband. For the first time in eleven years she threw her arms about his neck and—but nobody has any business to be intruding here. Please retire.

"It isn't such a thundering hard job, even for a married rhinoceros of eleven years' standing, to court his wife if he only knows how to go at it right," said Mr. Diltz to himself as he went about the house the same evening at a late hour, locking up things for the night.

A New Experience.

General Neverfite—You young rascal, what makes you fire those firecrackers right under my nose?

Little Johnnie—'Cause I heard dad say you'd never smelt powder.

Choice Cut Roses

Of every popular variety. Other seasonable flowers also always on hand. We can ship cut flowers to any part of Ontario and Quebec with perfect safety, as we have letters from our numerous patrons in various parts congratulating us for prompt delivery and excellent condition of the flowers upon arrival.

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Will be open for business on June 20. Its special features are pure air, genuine country life and perfect safety for children. The beach is exceptionally fine, and the bathing both healthful and free from danger. A beautiful mineral spring, whose waters contain medicinal properties, is an additional advantage. For particulars and terms address the proprietor, J. J. WRIGHT, Goderich, Ont.

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IF there's anything more comfortable for housewear in ye dog days than a print or sateen wrapper from this store, we want to know it. Light, easy-fitting, tasty and inexpensive. At first the making up of these good was a pure experiment with us. We didn't suppose our judgment would fail us, yet there was a measure of speculation about the business.

The matter now is to keep up the stock, for they're taking like wild-fire. And why not? Take the amount of material needed to make a morning wrapper for the average woman. Count in buttons, trimmings and fixings. Figure in your seamstress' charges for the making of the garment. Can you do it all for 90c.?

Morning Wrappers, complete, 90c.
Morning Wrappers, complete, $1 00.
Morning Wrappers, complete, $1 25.
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The Blazer Jackets, that we're selling so many of, are made up with same favorable leaning towards your interest. Every one well made. No slop wo k.

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A clearing line of beaded capes. Fine, low priced.

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Artistic Dressmaking
76 COLLEGE STREET
Miss Sullivan has just returned from New York with the latest designs and styles.

WHOLESALE HOUSES AND MANUFACTURERS
Requiring commercial photographs of Machinery, Merchandise, &c., can be supplied at low rates by
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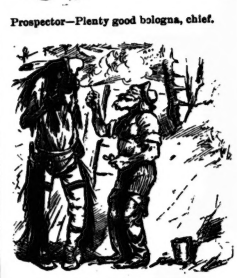
147 YONGE STREET
Reduced rates on general work for sixty days.

The Obliging Prospector.

Prospector—Plenty good bologna, chief.



Big Wolf—Chief like him better hot.

Prospector—Whoop! That's better'n quarrelin' with him.

From Bad to Worse.

Mrs. de Style (in a whisper)—For goodness sake, uncle, don't tuck your napkin under your chin!

Uncle Zachary—What'll I do—tie it round my neck?

The Ruling Passion.

Miss Soadds (to the minister)—Mr. Hunker and I going on a ramble. Will you join us?

Rev. Dr. Thirdly (who caught only the last sentence)—With pleasure. Do you wish the ceremony performed in the church?

FOR THE LAWN

You want a good rubber hose that will last as long or longer than any you know of, and do even work all the time. Too many "play out" after a little use, and you've nothing to do but buy another. There's a remarkable chance here now to get the proper sort.

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You need to take a stout Mackintosh Coat along with you as a safeguard against rainy days. We make them to order from the very best material and in any wanted style, guaranteeing a perfect fit.

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Select Stock of Fashionable Hair Goods
Elegant little Frontpieces for ladies to wear during the hot season. They are very light in weight and not heavy looking. Specially in Long Hair Switches; no cord or stem inside. Ladies and Gent'emen's Toupees and Wigs made to order.

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New colors, fresh designs, something novel and different to the general run.
If you want a real cool, elegant dress for a low figure call and see our Summer Goods.
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Samples sent to any part of Canada.

The Choice Salads
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AT
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DURKEE'S AND CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S SALADS
as well as a fine line of Olive oil, bottled expressly for us in Roodeaux, France.
Telephone your orders to 1850.

HANDSOME WAGONETTE FOR SALE
A handsome American wagonette, suitable for family use; pole and shafts, canopy top, upholstered in morocco; nearly new; a bargain. Enquire at
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FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING
MISS PATON'S rooms are now open and thoroughly equipped with the spring styles and modes. The latest French, English and American fashions. An early visit and inspection invited.
Rooms, Golden Lion, R. Walker & Sons, 35 King Street East

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OF
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STANDARD
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The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.
Ask for Them
They are the Best
SOLD BY
All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants Throughout the Dominion

DENSOLINE
(Pure Petroleum Jelly.)
(SUPERIOR TO VASELINE)
The great skin healer and beautifier of the complexion.
NATURE'S HEALING OINTMENT
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compared with other well-known Mineral Waters: "I find Godes-Berger much richer in its important ingredients, and consequently, in my opinion, SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER TABLE WATER AT PRESENT KNOWN."
JAMES LOBB, Lloyd's Agent, Wholesale Agent, Toronto.

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During JUNE to Lorne Park, 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.; to Grimsby Park at 2 p.m., on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
Rates to Lorne Park—25c. adults and 15c. children. To Grimsby Park (good to return same day), 60c. each. To Grimsby Park (good to return during season), 75c. each.
Saturday afternoon excursions to Grimsby Park 50c. Saturday afternoon excursions to Lorne Park 25c. Book tickets—Lorne Park and return, 20 trips, $4; Grimsby Park and return, 10 trips, $4. Sunday schools and societies, special rates on application to Company's Office, 9 Front Street East.
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W. A. GEDDES, 60 Yonge Street.

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PALACE STEAMER
"CHICORA."
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JOHN FOY, Manager.

THE PEER AND THE WOMAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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CHAPTER V.

WILFUL MURDER AGAINST PHILIP NEILLSON.

The next witness summoned before the coroner was the doctor, whose evidence was short and to the point. He described the means by which the deceased had met with his death, as a complete severance of the jugular vein by one sweeping cut. Only the sharpest of knives and the strongest of arms, he added impressively, could have succeeded in inflicting such a ghastly wound; the most hardened he had ever seen. The bruises on the cheek he had no hesitation in saying were caused by the convulsive grasp of the murderer whilst in the act of performing the hideous deed.

The coroner asked him only three questions:

"Could the wounds which you have been describing have been self-inflicted?"

"Not easily," was the emphatic answer.

"Had the wound gone an inch further it would have been a physical impossibility."

"How long did it strike you that deceased had been dead after you were called in?"

"I examined him with a view of being able to answer that question. Scarcely more than two hours, I should think."

"Did you notice anything in the condition or disarrangement of the room which seemed to indicate any struggle between the murderer and the deceased?"

"Nothing. My idea is that the murderer stole quietly up to the back of the deceased's chair, and leaning over placed his hand over his mouth, in which case the points of his fingers would just reach the hinder part of the face; and then drawing his head back with a quick movement, cut his throat."

A little shudder passed round the table at this graphic description, which the witness had been illustrating by gestures and a sweeping cut of his own throat with the edge of his hand. The doctor looked a little surprised. He didn't understand such a feeling. To him the technical details of the affair were far more interesting than the actual tragedy, though then he was a specialist and had no imagination.

The next witness was the last of any consequence. James Armson was called, and the Scotland Yard detective entered the room closely followed by Lord Clanavon. The latter quietly resumed his old seat, and turned about once eagerly to the detective, listening to every word he uttered with keen anxiety.

The coroner looked up from his notes and faced the new witness. He—the new witness—was a little over medium height, dark and sallow. His face was clean shaven, and was without any special characteristic, save for the bright dark eyes and thin, firm lips. But his attire, and with a little more regularity of feature he might have passed better for an actor cured of the High Church type than for a detective. Lord Clanavon, who recognized the fact that upon this man's capabilities would depend chiefly his chances of discovering his father's murderer, was not altogether impressed by his appearance. But he changed his opinion soon, when after listening to the concise and guarded manner in which he gave his evidence.

"Will you tell us, Mr. Armson," the coroner asked, "the history of your connection with this case as far as it has gone."

The detective bowed respectfully, and told the story in a professional manner.

I was talking to P.C. Chopping at the corner of Belton street about seven o'clock in the morning in question, when a footman turned the corner of Grosvenor square, and came running towards us. He was very incoherent, but we gathered from him that a murder had been committed at his master's house and that he was anxious for P.C. Chopping to proceed there at once. We all set off together and he brought us here and into the library. Lord Alceston was lying in the chair exactly as described by a former witness. The doctor and the witness Rogers were the only other occupants of the room. I immediately locked the door and while the doctor was examining deceased I made an inspection of the room. My first discovery was that there was a second door opening into Burton street and that it was unlocked. I was also able to trace faint drops of blood between the door and the chair where the deceased man lay, which pointed to the fact that the murderer made his escape by that door, carrying in his hand the weapon which he had been using. Later on in the morning a milkman brought to Scotland Yard the pocket handkerchief and knife now in possession of the coroner, which he picked up a few yards down the street.

The detective paused and waited while the articles he mentioned were produced and handed round. The handkerchief was a fine cambric one, but unmarked, and was soaked and clotted with blood. The knife was distinctly a curiosity. The blade was curved slightly in the shape of a scimitar, and was of exquisite steel, sharpened on both sides, and with an edge as keen as a razor's. The handle was curiously shaped and carved, and was evidently of foreign workmanship. Altogether, as a piece of evidence, the milkman's find was a most important one.

The detective had little else to say of importance, and the other witnesses less. Then an adjournment was made to the library, and the scene of the crime underwent a half cursorious, half eager inspection by the coroner and jury. No fresh discovery was made, though indeed this was scarcely expected, as a vigorous examination of the room had already been undertaken, first by Armson and subsequently by Lord Clanavon. But it became evident to all of them how easy the murder of the dead lord might have been, supposing it to have been accomplished according to the general theory. The lock of the secret door behind the screen opened noiselessly, and the edges of the door were cased in India-rubber. The carpet was thick and soft as velvet, and the distance from the termination of the screen to the chair in which Lord Alceston had been sitting was scarcely more than a dozen yards.

Two further points were considered up. The first one was with regard to the key of the door behind the screen, which, it was ascertained, had been discovered in the keyhole outside. The second was concerning the scraps of notes which, according to Lady Alceston's evidence, the murdered man had in his possession. No trace was found of these, either on the person of the deceased or amongst his effects. The inference was obvious—they had been taken away by the murderer, and who but Neillson could have known that his master had such a sum in his possession?

The coroner and his jurymen returned to the dining room, and were followed by those who they considered their verdict. Lord Clanavon, after a few minutes' hesitation walking up and down the hall with his hands behind him, made his way into the servants' quarters and asked or Burdett.

"Do you remember how long Neillson has been there, and where he came from?"

"He's been here longer than I can remember, my lord," Burdett answered promptly. "We've just been reckoning it up; and a nicer, quieter, steadier sort o' chap I never knew. We can't none of us believe that he's had anything to do with this," he added.

"Neither can I," Lord Clanavon answered. "I liked Neillson. Do you know where he was before he came here?"

Burdett shook his head. "It's a strange thing, my lord, but I never heard him mention it. He was a quiet sort of a man about his own affairs—wonderfully close."

"He had pretty good wages, I suppose?"

"He had a hundred and fifty a year, my lord, and Groves, the butler, says that he couldn't have spent the odd fifty. He was a saving man, although he wasn't what you could call mean."

Lord Clanavon returned to his own little apartment on the ground floor, feeling a little more bewildered than ever. Just as he entered by dining room door opened, and he heard the verdict passed from one to another:

"Wilful murder against Philip Neillson."

CHAPTER VI.

MARIE DE FEURGET.

A remarkably pretty young woman was doing her best to spoil an otherwise charming face by disfigurement of herself in a mirror. It was a very silly thing for her to do, very silly indeed, for the utter weariness and discontent in which her tell-tale features betrayed was quite sufficient to leave its traces, if often indulged in, even upon so pert and young a face as hers. Perhaps the same idea occurred to her, or it might have been that some pleasing thought acted as a charm. At any rate, after five minutes' silent contemplation of herself, she suddenly withdrew from the mirror, and into an easy chair, and sat looking into vacancy, with a soft smile parting her lips and transfiguring her expression.

Presently a smooth-coated, brown dachshund rose slowly from the hearthrug, lazily reared its two front paws upon her lap, and, wagging its tail in an insinuating manner, direct a meditative gaze upon his young mistress. She commenced to caress him, mechanically at first, but the movement soothed the animal, for he leaped up with all the agility which his short limbs would permit, and coiled himself round in her lap.

She looked down at him reproachfully, and as though inclined to protest against such a liberty. But the soft brown eyes watching hers so anxiously disarmed her, and she changed her mind. She took him into her confidence instead. After all, better a dog to talk to than nobody.

"Tory," she said, shaking a forefinger at him, "that was very rude, very ill mannered indeed. Don't you know that you ought to have been specially invited to come up in my lap before you took such a liberty. No; you needn't go," she added, patting his head softly. "Now you are here you may as well stay—for a little time, at least. Oh, Tory! Tory! How I wish you were a human being—even if you were only a girl—so that I might talk to you sensibly and then. It wouldn't be quite so 'triste' then—and it is very 'triste' indeed here sometimes, isn't it, Tory, all by myself, with no one to talk to? Or, I wish I wish—he would come again. Wasn't he handsome, Tory, and didn't he bear it bravely? Poor, poor fellow! I did so want to tell him how sorry I was for him, and I couldn't. Directly I wanted to speak it all went out of my head. How stupid I must have thought me, Tory! Do you think he did, Tory? Why don't you say something? I wonder—I wonder what he was thinking about when I looked up and saw him watching me, before he had remembered about—what? I believe it was something nice—I do really, Tory. I wonder how I looked that morning! Let me see. I had my blue frock on—the one Madame had made for me in Paris." She went off into a day-dream. Tory, evidently deeply relieved at the cessation of your monologue, curled himself up with a satisfied snort and went off to sleep. Poor beast! He ventured to add to the luxury of his position by doubtless considered well earned repose by a few gentle snores, and he paid the penalty. One of them happened to reach his mistress's ears and distract her attention from the day dream, little day-dream, as a result was lamentable. In less than a moment poor Tory lay on his back on the hearth-rug with his paws outstretched, striking the air, and with a confused sense of having reached the ground with a haste quite out of keeping with his usually slow movements.

"Nasty, unsympathetic brute," exclaimed his mistress, shaking her skirts.

Tory felt hurt and determined to maintain his dignity. He turned his back upon his mistress in an offended manner, and trotting slowly off to the other side of the room, endeavoured to busy himself in uncovered corners. Arrived at this vantage ground he slowly opened one eye and fixed it upon his mistress with the joint purpose of being on the look out for any overtures of reconciliation, and of being on the *qui vive* against any spiteful assault against his comfort. His mistress had acquired recently a nasty habit of spoiling his dignified manner of showing offence and his comfort, by missile throwing, a proceeding which Tory regarded as most reprehensible and unladylike, and which he had more than once hinted in his canine way, would, if carried too far, lead to a misunderstanding.

But on this occasion Tory's fears were groundless and his sleek body was allowed to remain undisturbed. She had gone back to her day-dream and she was absorbed in it. Perhaps she was a very sentimental young woman to allow her thoughts to become so much engrossed by a few minutes' chance interview with a complete stranger. And yet there were excuses for her. She was only eighteen years old and had just quitted a French convent, within whose narrow precincts the whole of her life had been spent. There had been no holiday for her, no visits to friends' houses, no gaiety of any sort. The rules of the convent had not been strict enough to prohibit an unrestrained conversation amongst the girls, and on the other hand were too s'rict to allow them to become acquainted with a single person outside its portals. It was an ill-fitting for a young girl, and now that comparative emancipation had come, no wonder that she looked back upon it almost with a shudder.

Even the sweetest of day-dreams is liable to interruptions. The interruption to hers came in the shape of a surprise. The door opened and her father entered suddenly.

She looked up at him in amazement. "*Mon pere!* You up and dressed! How wrong of you! Why? You will be ill again! I am sure you will!"

He stood just inside the door, leaning heavily upon the back of a chair. His face was ghastly white, and drawn as though with illness; there were dark rims under his hollow, brilliant eyes and his unshaven beard and ragged, unkempt hair added to the wildness of his appearance. When he spoke his breath came in short, quick gasps, and the long, bony fingers which rested on the back of the chair shaking nervously.

"I—I have been ill," he muttered, dreamily. "I——"

"Ill! Of course you have! Can one not see that? Why have you risen, *mon pere?* What would the doctor say?" she exclaimed, wringing her hands in a gesture of despair. Then she ran to his side, forced him into a chair, and closed the door before she would let him speak.

"What day is this?" he asked.

"Friday."

"Friday?" He put his hand to his forehead and seemed trying to recall something. "Friday? There was something man came here," he said doubtfully, "when—"

"Oh, yes," she answered with a faint blush. "That was on Tuesday. You have been ill since then, you know."

He groaned heavily. "I began to think—that it might have been a dream," he muttered despairingly; "a vision of hell! A paper, Marie; quick! A paper," he cried out wildly. "Give it me."

"A paper!" she repeated wonderingly.

"Ay, ay! You know! The paper he saw! The murder, you know! I want to read about it! Quick, girl!"

He stretched out his trembling fingers and snatched it from her. She had found the place, but he turned it hastily over, and after a little feverish search commenced reading in another part. She stood by his side, frightened, with the tears in her eyes. What could there be there to affect him like this? She could see his whole frame quivering with excitement, and the perspiration standing out like drops of agony upon his hard, damp forehead. Then his head fell buried in his arms, and his frail body, wasted with recent illness, was shaken by gr ps.

"No dream!" he gasped. "No dream! God help me!"

She fell on her knees by his side, caught hold of his hands, kissed his forehead, wrapped her arms around him—tried all the arts of sympathy which her woman's heart could devise—said in vain. Nothing that she could say or do seemed to have any effect upon him. Only when she strove gently to disengage the paper from his frenzied grasp he resisted her fiercely and with his long, nervous fingers tore it into strips. Finally she did what perhaps was wisest, she left him altogether to himself, and seated herself a little distance away.

It was well that she had patience. She sat there motionless after the first passion of sobs had exhausted itself, for nearly an hour. Then he looked up at her, and she shuddered as she looked into his white, agony-stricken face.

"*Mon pere*, something terrible has happened!" she faltered.

"Ay, something terrible has happened," he repeated, in a hollow, far-away tone.

He sat for fully five minutes. Then he rose slowly to his feet. "I must go out."

"Go out!" she almost screamed. "Why, father, what can you be thinking of? Only the doctor say, only yesterday, that you were not to move from your bed for a week!"

"I must go out to-day, at once, though I die—morrow, I shall be well," he said, wearily but firmly. "Get me my coat and hat, Marie, and send them for a cab; my legs are weak, I can't walk."

She turned again to turn him from his purpose. He only shook his head impatiently.

"At least tell me what this terrible thing is which has happened, she begged, her woman's curiosity mingled with her dread. "If it is terrible for you, is it not terrible for me, too? Am I not your daughter?"

"You will know—perhaps," he answered. "Not now. I have no breath to spare. I shall need all—I have—presently. Is the cab—at the door?"

"I have sent for it—it will be here directly. Oh, *mon pere*, let me go with you," she begged. "You are not fit to go out anywhere alone."

"And leave me—you!" he shuddered as though the idea hurt him. Then the sound of the cab stopping below reached his ears.

"Now you are here you may as well stay—for a little time, at least. Oh, Tory! Tory! How I wish you were a human being—even if you were only a girl—so that I might talk to you sensibly and then. It wouldn't be quite so 'triste' then—and it is very 'triste' indeed here sometimes, isn't it, Tory, all by myself, with no one to talk to? Or, I wish I wish—he would come again. Wasn't he handsome, Tory, and didn't he bear it bravely? Poor, poor fellow! I did so want to tell him how sorry I was for him, and I couldn't. Directly I wanted to speak it all went out of my head. How stupid I must have thought me, Tory! Do you think he did, Tory? Why don't you say something? I wonder—I wonder what he was thinking about when I looked up and saw him watching me, before he had remembered about—what? I believe it was something nice—I do really, Tory. I wonder how I looked that morning! Let me see. I had my blue frock on—the one Madame had made for me in Paris." She went off into a day-dream. Tory, evidently deeply relieved at the cessation of your monologue, curled himself up with a satisfied snort and went off to sleep. Poor beast! He ventured to add to the luxury of his position by doubtless considered well earned repose by a few gentle snores, and he paid the penalty. One of them happened to reach his mistress's ears and distract her attention from the day dream, little day-dream, as a result was lamentable. In less than a moment poor Tory lay on his back on the hearth-rug with his paws outstretched, striking the air, and with a confused sense of having reached the ground with a haste quite out of keeping with his usually slow movements.

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The mass of golden hair which lay coiled about her pillow was tinged with grey and there were lines upon her forehead; but these were such as only a sorrow, or something, too, about the small shapely head with its firm mouth and well cut features, which was essentially Bohemian—

"It's a lady, or I never see'd one," whispered a juryman.

There was a murmur of assent. The speaker had been a servant in the West End before he abandoned his occupation for the more lucrative one of vending old clothes, and his words carried weight. The new interest in the case had been awakened amongst them. Instead of taking a hasty glance at the corpse and hurrying away to finish their interrupted meals, lingered round the bed side as though loth to depart. One of them lifted up her arm with clumsy reverence and silently pointed out to the others the plain gold wedding ring on her delicate white finger. When at last they turned away they talked to one another in whispers and the coroner noticed thoughtfully.

"Have any attempts at identification been made?" he asked the sergeant who was in charge of the case.

"Several, sir, but all unsuccessful. Every one who came turned away at once after a single glance at her. Beg pardon, sir, one moment."

The coroner obeyed his beckoning finger and stepped on one side. The sergeant drew a small parcel from his pocket, and dropped his voice to a mysterious pitch.

"Mrs. Preece, sir, that's the woman who was called in to see to her, found this 'ere tightly locked on the top of her arm, above the elbow. It's a curious spring you see, sir, and it took her a long time to take it off, it was so stiff. Seems a queer place, like, for a bracelet, don't it, sir?"

The coroner took it to the light and examined it. It was simply a plain gold bangle, without initials or any mark. The fastening, as the sergeant had remarked, was very stiff, as though it had not been often used. The coroner was not a romantic man—far from it—but he held the bracelet reverently, and indulged for a few moments in silent thought. It was a love token, that was very evident, and she had worn it throughout sorrow and shame and poverty, perhaps degradation; she had worn it still heedless of the fact that it would have brought her gold, would have brought her food and drink and comfort, at any rate for a time, had she chosen to part with it. Doubtless it was the one solitary link which bound her to the past. The coroner felt ashamed of the thought for a moment, but nevertheless, though he crushed the feeling down, he felt very angry with Mrs. Preece. What business had she with her coarse meddlesome hands and vulgar curiosity to touch what had evidently been the design of the murdered woman? The bracelet had been a sacred thing to her, sacred to the memories of the past, and it should have been buried with her, still clasped upon her arm. And yet, that he felt, was the Bohemian sentimentality! What difference could it make to her—a dead woman—whether or no that bauble remained on the body she had quitted? What had she to do with sacred and tender earthly memories? Pshaw! The coroner's mood began to change. He was coming down to earth again. He was considering whether the bracelet might be useful as a means of identification. That was the sensible way to regard it—the practical way.

"You did quite right, sergeant," he said, in a business-like tone. "There is no object in keeping the discovery secret, though. It may aid towards identification."

The sergeant saluted and followed the coroner into the sanded parlor, where the jury were waiting. The proceedings were commenced at once, but at a very early stage there came an interruption. A four wheeled cab stopped at the door outside, creating no little commotion amongst the little crowd of idlers who had gathered there, and out of it a short, pale man, very much muffled up, was seen to alight and enter the public house. There was a moment's curious pause and then came a knock at the door.

"Come in," responded the coroner.

A policeman entered and saluted.

"Beg pardon, sir," he exclaimed, apologetically; "but there's a gentleman outside as thinks he can identify the body."

"Very good. Take his name and address, policeman, and show him upstairs," directed the coroner. "Let me know the result."

The policeman closed the door and returned to the new comer, whom he found sitting down on a bench outside. He repeated the coroner's directions to him.

The stranger hesitated for a moment. Then he drew a small morocco case from his pocket and drew out a card.

The policeman held it between his thumb and forefinger and scrutinized it.

"M. de Feurget, 19 Craven street. Very good, sir. Will you come this way?"

The policeman crossed the passage and ascended the narrow, creaking stairs. The other followed slowly, holding on to the banisters with one hand as if the other pressed hard to his side. At the top of the landing he paused and gasped for breath.

"Second room to the right, sir, merely fit to be out," remarked the burly policeman, pityingly.

"I'm not—well," Monsieur de Feurget answered. "Is that the room?"

The policeman nodded, with his hand upon the handle. M. de Feurget checked him.

"One moment. Do me a favor, will you? Let me—go in—alone. You—wait for—me here."

The request was backed by a solid and glittering argument, which was irresistible. The policeman was poor, and such sovereign tips are scarce. Besides, there was no harm in it—it wasn't even against orders. So he opened the door and stood aside while Monsieur de Feurget passed in.

It was twilight in the room, and at first he could see nothing but the dim outline of a figure stretched out upon the iron bedstead. He moved a step towards it, groping his way, and staggering like a drunken man. Then he stopped suddenly, covered his face with his hands, and half turned away as though he dared go no further. Voices seemed to be floating about on the darkened air, whispering to him of the days of his youth, of the sunny, peaceful days of another life, of childhood's innocent joys—and of her. Mocking visions seemed to pass before his eyes, bright and glowing with all the brilliant coloring of reality. Again he wandered by her side, through stately gardens and shady orchards, under a cloudless southern sky, and climbed with her to the grassy hill-top to catch a glimpse of the faint blue line of sea. One scent of the new-mown hay, the soft languorous air, the murmuring of bees and the chimes of the far-off monastery clock—he

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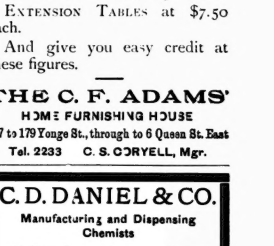

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heard them all again! All seemed ringing in his ears and dancing before his eyes—and yet, yet he knew all the time that he was in a wretched public house in a London slum—with that—before him. He moved a step nearer—gazed with fascinated eyes at a spot on the white sheet, and wondered how it came there. Again he moved another step, and his fingers rested upon the coverlet which concealed the face. Dare he raise it? How his fingers, his knees, his whole frame quivered with an unutterable horror. God! that this should be she!

The hand with its wedding ring had been left hanging down. He caught it passionately in his and bore it to his lips. He held it away from him, and looked at the blue veins and white fingers with streaming eyes. It was hers; he recognized it. Farewell hope! Farewell all dreams of an altered and a happier future. Welcome grim, black, despair.

Dead! Murdered! With a tenderness which no woman's touch could have equalled, he lifted the coverlet from her face and gazed into the still features. It was she. Beautiful in life, beautiful in death, beautiful for ever in his heart. Dead or alive the last embrace should be his—and throwing himself down on his knees by the side of the rough bedstead, he pressed his trembling lips to her cold forehead, and folded his arms in one last passionate caress around her still, lifeless form.

Downstairs the coroner was growing impatient, and at last sent a messenger upstairs to know how long the gentleman was going to be. Monsieur de Feurget met him on the stairs and returned with him.

"I am glad to say that I am not able to positively identify the deceased," he said. "She is not the person of whom I am in search. At—at—the same time I have seen her before."

"Do you know her name?" the coroner asked.

Monsieur de Feurget shook his head.

"I'm afraid not. I met her abroad, I believe, but where I cannot say. I feel some interest in this sad affair, on that account, and if, if it would be permitted, I should be glad to arrange for the funeral."

The coroner thought that there would be no difficulty.

"Perhaps, sir, as you feel some interest in the matter, you would like to remain during the inquest," he added cautiously. "Something may happen to refresh your memory and any evidence as to the antecedents of the deceased would be very acceptable to us."

Monsieur de Feurget bowed and took the chair which was offered him.

"I should certainly like to watch the proceedings," he said quietly.

(To be Continued.)

Books and Magazines.

The Lady of Fort St. John, the new serial which begins in the July number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is a story of one of the lords of Acadia, Charles de la Tour. There is a good deal of dramatic interest in the first instalment, which ends, as all well regulated serials should, in a situation which piques the curiosity of the reader. Prof. Lanciani contributes a paper on Underground Christian Rome. This is followed by The Old Rome and the New, sufficiently described in its title, and by Mr. W. J. Stillman. Octave Thanet's paper on Plantation Life in Arkansas is admirably written. A sonnet by Philip Bourke Marston; a paper by Bradford Torrey on the Male Ruby-Throat; the Story of a Long Inheritance, by Wm. M. Davis, which, although no one would ever suspect it, is devoted to tornadoes; the Neutrality of Switzerland, an able paper by W. D. McCrackan, showing some of the advantages of a neutral state; Mr. Nathaniel Southgate Shaler's paper on College Examinations, which will excite remark; and an article on Tintoret, the Shakespeare of Painters, by William H. Trayer, are other features of the number. There are two remaining articles, Agnes Repplier's delightfully amusing critique of English Railway Fiction, and The Finding of Miss Clementine, a short story by Mrs. E. W. Bellamy, will also amuse persons who like southern dialect stories.

The table of contents of July's *Cosmopolitan* is varied and attractive, and even more can be said of the accompanying illustrations. Among the articles may be mentioned London Charities, A Modern Crusade, Trout Fishing in the Laurentides, The Diamond Fields of South Africa, Two Modern Knights Errant, (namely, Cushing and Custer) Submarine Boats for Coast Defence, the Art of Embroidery, and Country Life in Honduras.

The July *Lippincott's* opens with a charming novel by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, author of Friend Olivia, Jan Vedder's Wife, The Bow of Orange Ribbon, etc. It is a love story, pure and simple, breathing the enchanted atmosphere of romance. "I tell again," says Mrs. Barr at the outset of her tale, "the oldest, and the newest, story of all the world,—the story of invincible Love." The novel is called A Rose of a Hundred Leaves, and is bound to attract a host of readers. Other interesting articles are The Future of Cuba, Tallyrand and Posterity, and English and American Newspapers. Two good short stories by well known authors and several pretty poems are included.

Scribner's Magazine for July is not nearly so interesting as usual. It has several short stories by good authors but not one of these is illustrated and the articles which are illustrated are not especially attractive. There are three articles of political importance—one on "Starting a Parliament in Japan," by Professor John H. Wigmore, of the University of Tokin; another giving a civil engineer's glimpse of the revolutionary Republic of Hayti, and a third summarizing the romantic history of outlawry on the Mexican border; and also a picturesque account of an old Danish town, a literary essay of unusual quality on Landor, and poems by John Hay and Mrs. James T. Fields. The frontispiece is the last one of Mr. J. R. Weguelin's notable full-page illustrations for selected Odes of Horace.

The leading article in the July *New England Magazine* is one on the State of Maine by Hon. Nelson Dingley. Well illustrated, and interesting also, is the article on Schleemann's Discoveries in Hellas. The short stories are good, particularly an illustrated one entitled Master Shakespeare's Star, which introduces Shakespeare and other famed Elizabethans. Also interesting is the article on Emerson's Radicalism, and the Proteus-like Walter Blackburn Harte has an article on the Annexation of Canada. When last heard of this elusive gentleman was writing as a Canadian, but now he writes as an American, mooting schemes for bringing "Canada" to her knees. He says that the essence of the views of the party in power at Ottawa is Canada for Canadians, and this evidence of degeneracy in the Canadian mind is surprising to him. These "colonists," with their patriotic pride, bore one awfully doucherknow!

At the Musee.

She—Is that a rattlesnake?
Attendant—Yes, Ma'am.
"How many rattles has he?"
"Fifteen and a button."
"May I make him rattle?"
"Certainly, Ma'am."
"What must I do?"
"You touch the button and he will do the rest."

Nor yet Royalty.

It is a significant fact that at the Gordon-Cumming wedding there were no cards.

A Holiday Hap

Cobwigger—Did Johnnie fire that cannon of his?
Brown—No; the cannon fired Johnnie.

How the Conductor Kept the Deadheads Awake.

For Saturday Night.

"Tickets please!" said a pleasant voice as the door of the smoking compartment opened, and the burly form of the train conductor filled the opening. There were four of us and we were smoking that long-eked-out luxury, the last cigar, before turning in for the night. How the last cigar lingers in the hand! It seems to be a sprite whose dying fire conjures up long forgotten stories, keeps the conversation alive, brightens the flagging intellect, and sharpening the point of pleasant anecdote warms the fervor of boon companionship and makes all loth to separate.

We had left Chicago on the night express of one of the north-western roads, and having gravitated to the smoker's den, which the good Samaritan has provided at the end of all his cars, had soon discovered that we were all of the same trade, alike the servants and the masters of the public, their good friends or their hated foes, according to the whim which may for the time being have seized the editor of the local paper. We were railway passenger agents and, strangely enough, the roads which we represented were all competitors to the one in which we were traveling—yet we all had passes.

"Tickets please!"—our passes were duly handed to him with that indifferent, indeed almost superior manner with which passes are usually exhibited, and slowly and almost reverently he entered his official record. He was a tall, well favored man of that tendency to rotundity which seems to seize all good conductors and which may be almost taken as a sure evidence of their length of service in the company, yet the moving character of the footway on which they spend their working hours gives a certain lightness of step, a grace of swaying movement that overcomes the heaviest of their tribe. He had the bright, keen eye which sizes up a train at a glance, and once having seen his ticket, saves the passenger from all further trouble or enquiry. An aquiline, decisive nose and that trained, yet natural smile which disarms opposition and brings a responsive answer from the often too exacting traveler, made his appearing a pleasure.

"Gentlemen," said he, as with careful deliberation, after noting that the liability against accidents clause was duly signed he handed back to each his respective pass, "gentlemen, I guess I've struck another cold wave."

After some little amusement at his remark, we induced him to tell us of his Arctic experience.

"Wal," said he, "times is dull, mighty dull, and it makes a man sort o' lonesome to go wandering up and down these night trains with nothing to look at but empty seats and cold, dreary darkness outside. But some years ago I struck it bad. We had hauled out of the Chicago depot promptly on time. It was a dark night and the signal reports said there was a cold wave coming down from the north-west. It seemed as if it might be true, for there was a sort of queerness about the air that seemed to say that som'thin' was comin'. And I mighty soon found it out when I started to size up my train.

"Leaving my things in the baggage car I moved to go through the train. In the smoker I found four or five second class tickets, all huddled around the stove, chewing the cud of better days and spitting at times to keep themselves awake. Scalps, every one of them; of no account in good money to the company.

"The first class coach was dead empty. Sakes! how ghostly them long lines of winders looked as the drifts snow piled up against the panes, making white faces and chasin' one another down the glass as if tryin' hard to shove themselves through. The wind was blowin' and whistlin' through the vestibules so that the voices outside seemed to shriek and was blowing their best to down the lamps and drive the darkness right inside. Phew! what a blast that was that caught me just as I closed the door and steadied myself upon the platform, grupping out in the snow storm for the hand rail of the followin' car. You must know, gentlemen, it was afore the days of Miller couplers or vestybile fixin's, and to step across that heavin' interval was like riding a pair of orkard horses around a circus ring.

"We were sliding along a growin' snowdrift and the whole bank seemed to bust up into bits of needle, stinging themselves into me whenever they could get a chance and fillin' the air with flyin' pins. I guess I slammed the door to that time, as I got inside. Don't we always do it? Wal, I kinder think not, at least not the oldest hands; it's the new promoted brakesman on his first conductor's run that breaks the record with the peanut boy in slammin' doors. It ain't considered good style.

"In the first sleeper things was bad; all I could find was five dead heads, a preacher, a theatrical agent, two drummers and a newspaper editor from a prairie town." A sad smile seemed to spread over his face as he looked down on us and slowly uttered these fateful words. "Gentlemen, the company had struck it cold that night. The blind sleeper looked no better. There was one lamp lit, not a berth made up nor a soul inside except the sleepy nigger porter, whose head was hangin' down and bobbin' as though his thick black neck was made of injy rubber.

"For fear I might forget my trade I shook him up and fingered my punch to keep her from getting lonesome, but he was too sleepy to say a word, so I let him go. Gentlemen, it was a heavy time. Here was the Lightning Mail pilin' along thro' that blizzard and not enough "biz" on board to grease the wheels, much less to keep 'em warm. It made me feel all over blue, and I wandered sad-like down that empty car to finish my first turn through and see that my tail lamps was burnin' bright, when there in the furthest corner, all huddle! up upon the seat, I found a little girl.

"Blessin's on the child! She held up to me a return half ticket! Did I smile? Wal, now, the sweetest thing I heard that night was that click my punch gave as she went clink through that card. It was the first good money on my train. She was going to Winona, and no "only darter" was ever watched half so careful as I watched that little girl.

"I sorter loved her. She was the redeemin' feature of my train, the only first-class thing had to show up to the auditor next mornin' with my trip report. Ev'ry now and then I'd go back to see if she was still sittin' there, slidin' thro' the door a sort of close and quiet like for fear the wind might blow her out and I'd lose the only paying passenger on the line and the only one that wasn't traveling at 'owner's risk.

"How the night howled! It kept getting colder and colder, just like it's doing to-night. Everything seemed to crack and ring, and the snow crunched like sand under the wheels. Sometimes we'd come along with jerks and jumps as the car steps dragged across the banks, and then we'd run like mad and make up time, for Big Dick had his fingers on the throttle and he'd never let the M. and N. express run in ahead of us as long as wheel and rail would hold together. He's in the cab tonight, gentlemen—(just then a sweeping lurch threw us all on our side) as you may know. I was sitting lonely like in the first class coach watchin' her swing and wave, a rain up and fallin' just like a catapillar hurrying across a path, and I was thinking of that little girl, and how that she was the only one the company would have to pay for if Dick dumped us all into the ditch, when all at once she gave a leap that sent the lamps a flyin', and a crash and slam mighty quick told me we had left the track. We were running down Spookmans Grade—(here he slowly took out his watch and looked at it a moment)—about twenty miles ahead of here, only we weren't quite so much behind our time. It's Dick's favorite place for making up his minutes. But seein it were a blizzard night the snow were a bit too hard and heavy for him, so we sailed off the track on the second curve along the side hill cutting. Was anyone hurt! Wal, all the cars had gone down the side, and the hind sleeper had telescoped with the first sleeper, the one you gentlemen are in, and as soon as I got out through my coach window, I made off to look for the company's little girl. Dear little soul, she had sat still in the far end of the car and was there all safe—bless her for carrying a good half ticket! And the others? Wal, some of the haw-bucks got half froze and— Let me see, it was either the preacher or the editor, I don't exactly remember which, got his neck broke; but you see they was traveling D.H. at owner's risk, so was takin' care of themselves. Would Dick run it again? Why, bless you, he didn't scare a bit. When we got climbed through the drifts to him, there he was calm like and quiet, his engine lying on her side and he ashovelling snow into the fire box to put his fire out. He's making her hum to-night; Dick's bound to beat the M. and N., and swears he'll knock this blizzard cold." Turning, he smiled again, and slowly closed the door with— "Good night, gentlemen, maybe I'll see you later, for it looks as if the signals was out for striking another cold wave."

When he was gone, I think we looked around at one another and wondered which of us it was going to be. Perhaps, too, a sort of creeping feeling slipped in, for being such fools as to travel over a competing line on dead head passes. However, nothing was said, but I noticed no one turned in until we had safely passed down "Spookman's Grade," and I know I fought an accident ticket early next morning.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
IF YOU ARE NERVOUS
and cannot sleep, try it.

The Saving Feet.

"Hi! Go 'way, dere!"

"Oh! Ugh!—!!!"

"Heben bless dem feet!"—*Judge.*

Nationality in Art

The men most prominent in American art to-day are, in the majority, of Parisian training, so much so that the most familiar reproach directed against their work is that it lacks national character. That this criticism, if applied to a period of transition, has a basis of truth is undeniable, for nothing is more natural than that the first steps in any career should be directed by the influences which have presided over preparatory studies. But if we take ten years to be the shortest period in which a young painter on his return from Europe can gain a foothold here, it will be found at the end of that time that, subjected to the various influences of the intellectual and material life of his native country, he has taken on more of our national characteristics than he is given credit for. Modern art is essentially cosmopolitan, and as nations obey the iron rule of the general average, so in art the national characteristics become fused and b'ended until they are questions of detail more than of fundamental construction. Paris *fin de siecle* has a keen eye for detail, however, and we may depend upon it that, measured by its standards, the exhibition by our painters may be found wanting in many things rather than in the personality which results from race and temperament modified by conditions of environment.—*Scribner.*

A Startler.

"Did you," he asked in an intensely sentimental tone, "never sigh for death?"

"Whose?" she inquired with the interest and promptness that brought him back to earth so fast that he fairly lost his breath.

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Wanted too Much.

"Why, this beastly machine says I only weigh one hundred and twenty five pounds."

"Well, what do you expect for a cent? thirty stone!"

The Usual Way.

Sharpe—Say, Steele, we can settle the case of Smith vs. Thompson for $150. That's $75 for you and $75 for me.

Steele—But how about our client? Where does he come in?

Sharpe (musingly)—Oh, give him $10. (Suddenly) No, promise to give him $10.

His Opinion.

The lightning had ripped all the buttons off his vest, split his right shoe and taken a piece out of the end of his right ear. When he came to he observed:

"Wa'al talk about yer personal magnetism! That's too darned personal!"

Tenderer.

"I feel it just as much my dear little boy," said papa after he had spanked Billykins.

"Y-yes," sobbed Billykins. "B-but n-not in the s-s-same p-place."

His Answer.

Teacher—Tommy, can you give me a sentence in which "but" is a conjunction?

Tommy—But I can give you the boy. Butt is a conjunction, and connects the boy with the goat.

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A Sharp Filibuster.

In 1859, Harry Maurey, a midshipman who had resigned from the service of the United States Government, was in command of a brig off Mobile Bay. The vessel was loaded with filibusters for Walker and was overhauled by a revenue cutter. An officer went aboard in the night with instructions to seize the vessel and bring her to Mobile. Maurey, who was equal to the emergency, prepared himself by unshackling the anchor from the chain and fastening a lantern to a pole. When the vessel arrived at Dog River bar it was hailed from the cutter and ordered to come to. Then came the order:

"Let go your anchor!"

Maury let go.

"Pay out thirty fathoms of chain!" was the next order.

Maury ran the chain through the hawse hole and over the rail back on deck. He was ordered next to hoist a light, which he did by lighting the lantern already affixed to the pole and sticking the latter in the mud. He then, when all was quiet, put off down the bay, leaving the cutter watching the light, which it did until morning.

In the meantime the officer from the cutter who was in charge of the filibustering vessel was down in the cabin playing cards and drinking champagne. On arrival at the entrance of the harbor the officer was tapped on the shoulder and told of what they were and asked if he wished to go ashore. A boat was at his service and he took it, returning to the cutter in time to share the chargin of his mates.

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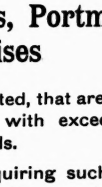

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St. James' Cemetery.

I wonder how many of our citizens know what a pretty spot St. James' Cemetery is. I was over there one evening since the summer has come and really I thought it full of beauty. Looking at the graves you never think of death at all, only a resting place where our dead lie for a time. The church, St. James the Less I believe it is called, in contrast to the Great St. James' down on King street, is very beautiful. Its architecture is quite rare. If you look at it from the north-west corner it reminds you of the churches in England surrounded by trees and shrubs. No doubt could its walls speak they could tell us of many things that have happened there that would be an incentive to well doing and a terrible rebuke to those of us who are not sufficiently thoughtful of the world beyond. The flowers are more beautiful there than in the most of gardens. The lilacs were all in bloom, sending out their fragrance. There were geraniums shades and colors, and though so common of all yet we never tire of them. But the most beautiful of all are the pansies, with thin sweet faces looking up into ours, giving a sort of sympathy no other flower can give. Daisy (day's-eye) not pansy, is the more appropriate name, because there you see the significance of its look, and truly no where else is its remembrance felt as keenly as in our graveyards where our best loved often lie. Yet there is no sadness about the place except from those ghastly monuments, which to my mind mar the natural beauty of the scene. The most beautiful cemetery I was ever in had but few monuments or gravestones in it, hardly anything but flowers; flowers on the graves, in fancy shaped beds beside the graves, beside the walks, in immense hanging baskets above the graves, and the general effect of the whole place when the flowers were in bloom was quite beyond description. But to return to St. James, the general effect is very pleasing. The mind is not saddened but only quieted and soothed. As I walked through the winding paths I saw quite a number of bouquets on the graves, placed there no doubt by loving hands, one in particular holding a large beautiful bouquet of white roses which must have cost the giver a goodly sum of money. Mayhap some Judas-like spirit might cry out against the waste, yet can we say that any giving is wasted, when the Master of all himself said it was so blessed to give? It may in a sense have been wasted because of no value to the body lying beneath it, yet it would bring its reward to the giver because of the memory it called forth. Even some of the graves of the very poor had flowers upon them, and we would not wish to lessen the immortal feeling that the love we gave here will follow them there and perhaps benefit them in some way, who knows? God's acre seems to be free from any jarring element. Nothing but bird songs and wind whispers come there, unless the mourners' tears that nature does not heed but flourishes on in still beauty in spite of them. Leaving these the heart naturally rises upward from the pleasant, beautiful scene on earth to the far more beautiful one beyond, the home of God's people. To muse awhile in St. James' would do many of our citizens good. It drives out low ambitions, narrow views, miserable jealousies and all other little annoyances that keep us vexed and wearied. Let us learn a lesson, not only from the quiet beauty of St. James' but from the bodies lying there, how frail and perishing all earth's material elements are.

ELLA MAUDE.

Music.

The well designed action of Mr. J. L. Hughes in arranging for a celebration of Dominion Day by the school children of the city, has had wider effects than that gentleman probably thought of when his patriotic feeling and justifiable satisfaction with the young people under the shadow of his wing, prompted him to place at least one expression of pride in our national birthday before the citizens of Toronto. It drew attention to the fact that while the chosen representatives of a Dominion which had its first natal day twenty-four years ago, were wearing out their precious energies over the weighty questions of national import, too conscientious to observe a nation's birthday, and too religious and too comfortable to miss the observation of the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul and the—perhaps accidental, let us at all events hope so—recognition of the Fourth of July with all its screaming spread-eagleism, fifteen hundred loyal, patriotic little souls were giving vent to their enthusiasm by singing with all the power of their little throats and with all the fervor of their little hearts, national and patriotic songs before a large and delightful audience in the Mutual street rink. In writing of this function, the stirring and warm-hearted words of Rev. Dr. Potts must not be forgotten. He touched a chord in the most indifferent heart by his burning eloquence, and many of his auditors will bear away to their dying day the memory of his appeal to the feeling which will yet make us a Canadian nation.

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In speaking of the ceremony from the standpoint of a musical observer, nothing but praise is to be accorded to Mr. A. T. Cringan, who in a short time produced from his choir of future Canadian men and women, a splendid swing and dash and energy, full of heart and fire. A further cause of congratulation is the fact that several of the pieces sung were from the pen of writers living among us, Mr. Cringan and that veteran, Mr. Alexander Muir, being of these. The children sang with a splendid attack and accentuation, and with a patriotic fervor one would hardly look for in their young hearts. The scenes when they waved their little Union Jacks and bunches of maple leaves were inspiring in the extreme, and these exhibitions drew forth the warmest plaudits from the large audience. In the respect of shading, the songs sung by the children offered little opportunity, being mostly fervently patriotic. One number, however, Isle of Beauty, gave Mr. Cringan an opportunity to show what he could do with his chorus, and a very nice degree of expression was imparted to it.

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The limited number of rehearsals prevented Mr. Cringan from achieving the highest results in tone quality, a little too much stridency and hardness being evident, yet I was struck with the superiority in this respect shown by the chorus over that of the children at the Buffalo Musical Festival two months ago, and cavillers at Mr. Cringan and his chosen method would have found that the Buffalonians with three months' preparation were behind our chorus in every detail that would be watched by the musician and the critic. Whatever may be urged against the tonic solfaists, this much must be conceded to them, that they achieve a most satisfactory rythmic efficiency, with prompt attacks and uncompromising certainty, results that could be achieved only under the most efficient leaders of the staff system. At this demonstration the songs of Mr. Fred. Warrington and Mr. E. W. Schuch were received with the warmest applause and with the heartiest recalls. The former gentleman was seized by Mr. Hughes at his entrance to the rink and impressed without further notice, his music being sent for on the spot. The excellent playing of the band of the Royal Grenadiers added much to the pleasure of the entertainment, both in band pieces and accompaniments to the choruses.

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At the convention of the National Teachers' Association next week there will be odd bits of music offered to our visitors. On Thursday the children's chorus will again sing at the rink under Mr. Cringan's direction, and will be assisted by Mrs. Agnes Thomson and the Mozart Quartette, whose members will also contribute solos. The general meetings of the convention will be opened by solos contributed by our leading artists, and the department of music will hold meetings in the parlors of the Jarvis street Baptist Church.

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Speaking of Solfaists, I have received a programme of their great jubilee in London, England, which began on Tuesday of this week with a festival service at St. Paul's Cathedral under Dr. Martin and Mr. J. A. Birch, gentlemen of H. M. Chapels-Royal. After various conferences and competitions the jubilee will close on Saturday next with a monster festival at the crystal palace. There will be a morning concert by 5,000 juveniles, assisted by a juvenile orchestra; an afternoon concert by 5,000 provincial singers with orchestra; an evening concert by 5,000 metropolitan singers with orchestra, to be followed by a grand mass concert in the grounds by 20,000 singers. These figures seem to show that they do not always arrange matters on a small scale in the "effete" old country.

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This again suggests the question, "When shall we have another festival in Toronto?" I have been asked by scores of people who had taken part in the affair of 1886, and who would like to take part in another, whether such a scheme might not be feasible for next year. I am sure that there would be no difficulty whatever in getting a chorus of seven or eight hundred voices for the event. They would be much better qualified than the last singers were, for the influence of the festival of 1886 has made itself felt more strongly than most people know. The progress in our church music during the last five years is largely due to the stimulus given to chorus singing by that great event. During this time our schools have also contributed to the ranks of the choristers, and many of those who were in the children's chorus of that day are now vocal students, and would gladly accept such a chance to acquaint themselves with some of the works of the great masters. In addition, many of the best of the old hands would be attracted by the opportunity of partaking in the pleasure of singing, and of hearing the artists assisting in the programmes. In fact, the chorus may be looked upon as a certainty.

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Of course the main question must always be the financial one. The last festival was a distinct success in this respect, a balance of some $1,500 being still in the treasurer's hands, and a similar success might surely again be made under the same wise and energetic management. To do this it would, however, be necessary to secure attractions which would have the magnetism to attract the singers, and to arrange for solo and orchestra talent that would be of the best on the continent. As to the first question, the scheme suggested some time ago by which all the conductors in the city would have participated, is manifestly absurd. A success was made under a single conductor and can be made again under the same policy. There would be then no question of divided loyalty, and half-hearted practice, and no recurrent paroxysms of professional jealousy.

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The other question, that of professional attractions, is one that is so intimately associated with the financial one that the extent and ambition of this department must be governed by the conservatism of the finance committee. In general words, however, the best soloists on the continent at the time, and above all, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, should be secured. The local conductor could take charge of the orchestra and choruses, while Mr. Nikisch could take the miscellaneous programme, including the accompaniments for the soloists. This plan is now generally followed at all the large festivals in the United States, and is found to be in every respect the most practical. This orchestra is generally admitted to be the finest in America and would prove a tremendous attraction, and its engagement would have the advantage that all the prominent singers in America have sung with it, and its conductor is familiar with their style and *nuance*. The present time of year is not one in which this scheme can be elaborated, but the suggestions above presented can be thought over and opinions formed which, when ripened, should lead to success.

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What a melancholy thing it is to have to write the obituary of a departed friend! One stands out with pain and sorrow, and involuntarily thinks of the kind things that may be said which would please the lost one in life, almost forgetting that the poor soul is no longer here to hear the loving words that can never be said between men and men in their lifetime under the circumstances that govern the restraint and chariness of approbation, which make it difficult for one man to say to another even the simple words, "I like you." Poor Carl Martens is gone from among us. Many of the musicians and many of the young amateurs of Toronto will miss a kind friend and a good teacher. I saw him and exchanged a few hearty words with him on Thursday of last week. A stroke of apoplexy called him away with but short warning on Monday morning. Kind friends did all that was in human power to help him in his extremity, but it was of no avail. He was a warm, generous friend, kindly and sympathetic, and an honorable man, and I think I speak truly when I say that he had not a single enemy. He was always genial and good-tempered, and many a pleasant meeting of musicians and amateurs found the well spring of jollity and good fellowship in Carl Martens. He was born in Hamburg, Germany, some forty years ago and had early evinced great musical talent. He was a good pianist, organist and violinist, and above all he was a good teacher. He never allowed meretricious display to take the place of that fundamental technical work which must form the ground-work of real musical excellence. Many others will mourn with me the departure of a truly honest, unsophisticated soul.

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Miss Minnie Gaylord of Lincoln, Nebraska, a young lady who has been studying in Toronto during the last year with brilliant promise of future excellence, leaves next week to spend her vacation at her home. Miss Gaylord exhibited such proficiency in her piano studies at the College of Music that she won a scholarship, the gift of her teacher, Mr. A. S. Vogt. A similar recognition has been given her by her vocal preceptor, Mr. E. W. Schuch, and it is probable that next season her pretty voice will add to the pleasure of many of our entertainments.

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Mr. Harold Jarvis will be in town next week to take part in the children's concert on Thursday.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

The following sketch from the New York *Sun* is funny and seasonable:

The New Yorkers who own suburban homes at Dobbs' Ferry, during the summer are very keen after private theatricals. They decided to present The Ladies' Battle the other day, because there were two leading ladies at Dobbs' Ferry, and it was necessary, in order to prevent trouble, that the parts given them should be of equal importance. The other good parts were engaged for and finally assigned to the other distinguished amateurs; but no one could be found who would consent to appear as Cadet, a sergeant of grenadiers.

The part of Cadet was a very strong-thinking part, and during the first and last acts he was "out of sight," and, like the burglar who worked all night on the door of the safe, he was not in it. But in the second act he appeared in the center entrance, and stood there erect while the leading man gave him his cue in this way:

Duke—Well, sergeant, have you succeeded in capturing your man?

Cadet—No, M. the Duke, we have searched the gardens and the woods of the park, and we have not found him.

Duke—Then search this house.

(Cadet salutes and exit R. C.)

This was not very much of a part, but the manager finally asked young Travers if he would condescend to take it. He had never taken any part in amateur theatricals before, having hitherto kindly acted as an usher in the front of the house, with a very handsome boutonniere and a pair of black seamed gloves, and had succeeded in putting all the right people in the wrong seats. In passing bouquets over the footlights he was unparalleled, but as an actor he was untried. Young Mr. Travers considered the part of Cadet one of some importance.

He consulted all of his friends as to how old a man he ought to make him, and whether soldiers of the French army at that time did, or did not, wear mustaches. He said he thought he would turn it into a comic part, and stutter or lisp or paint his nose red, or do something else humorous and entertaining; but his friends disuaded him. He said he was sorry he could not speak an Irish dialect, and he argued in defence of this that there had always been Irishmen in the ranks of the French army, as history showed. But they sat on this very hard, and began to wish they had cut the part out altogether.

Travers' chief concern was over his costume. He overlooked all the books at the costumer's and at the libraries for an absolutely correct picture of the military costumes of the time in which the play was written, and, when he found them, he discovered that the costumer had nothing exactly like the one he wanted.

The costumer is judiciously suggested that, as the part was small and as Mr. Travers would only be on the stage a few moments, it really did not matter if the uniform was not exactly correct. But young Mr. Travers thought very differently, and ordered his tailor to make him a new and well-fitting uniform with which no captain of the Grenadiers could have found fault. He even borrowed a Cross of the Legion of Honor, for he argued that Cadet was undoubtedly a soldier of bravery and would certainly have been decorated. The lices gave him but little trouble, the only question being as to whether he should say "M. the Duke" or "M. le Duc."

He liked the idea of pronouncing the word as though it were spelled "duck," but his friends, with whom he consulted on this important matter, advised him that, as the rest of the play was in English, there was no reason for his suddenly falling back into the French original. He practiced his entrance in front of a mirror and rehearsed his lines from morning until night at all places. He decided to begin them in a conversational, though impressive tone, and then to end dramatically with the words, "But we have not found him." He was greatly exercised whether he should put the emphasis on the "not" or on the "him."

The manager decided that he should put it on the "not," for, as he pointed out, they were only looking for one man, and even if they had found any one else it was not of the slightest importance. Travers had to go up to town every day, but he always came back for rehearsal whether he was in it or not, and when his time came he generally insisted on their trying it over and over again, until the manager wished he was dead. His costume cost him forty-five dollars, and his wig, which he purchased outright, cost him six dollars. He would have nothing from the costumer's because, he said, it was second-hand.

When he saw the programmes with Cadet, a Sergeant of Grenadiers and Charles Courtney Travers opposite, with a long dotted line between, he felt supremely happy. He told the young man who played the duke to keep at one side in order that the audience could have a full view of his costume, and he inwardly decided to say "M. le Duc," notwithstanding the stage manager's orders to the contrary.

The house in which the play was to be given was just over the railroad tracks of the New York Central Railroad, and the stage was put up in that end of the drawing-room nearest the tracks, while the audience sat at the other end, in the dining-room. The comedian said he only hoped none of the passenger trains would ring their bells as they went by on the old jokes in his part, for he had played it ten times already for almost every charity in Dobbs' Ferry.

The call-boy came and warned Travers, which was quite unnecessary, as he had been in costume by half-past seven o'clock, although he did not come on until ten o'clock, and was waiting anxiously at the wings. He was not in the least nervous, for his costume had been greatly admired by the ladies in the cast, and he was quite sure he would make a hit with his make-up and his French pronunciation of "M. le Duc." He did not care what the manager thought about it, and decided to defy him.

"Cadet, they're getting near you," said the prompter, with his eyes on the book; "are you ready?"

Travers gave a final pull to his shoulder belts and set his big, bearskin shako firmly on his head as he stepped into the entrance.

But the man who played the duke had forgotten all about the sergeant's entering at the back and looked to the right, and had no crossed that he stood immediately in front of Travers as he appeared in the center. And then at that very moment, from the track below, the locomotive of a freight train gave one long series of shrieks that shook the windows and caused every one to jump from his seat.

"Well, have you found him?" bawled the duke impatiently, standing directly in front of little Travers and hiding him completely, from the white gaiters to the high shako.

What Travers said no one ever knew, for the engine, with an apparently devilish delight, continued to blow off steam until Travers had saluted and disappeared, when it ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

Travers hurled his bearskin at the costumer's head and kicked a hole through two scenes before he could be pacified.

"They couldn't see me for that fat fool," he cried, "and it cost me over fifty dollars and they didn't hear me on account of that infernal freight train; but," he added with sudden complacency, "I read my lines great and I said 'M. le Duc.'"

But in the morning he read with rare anguish and bitter feeling in the Dobbs' Ferry *Times* that the "part of Cadet, which was to have been played by Charles Courtney Travers was for some reason cut out."

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Alfred Cellier, the composer of Dorothy, was once engaged by a Manchester manager to compose the music for a new pantomime. The librettist, whom Cellier had never met, was an eccentric person whose business was superintendent of a cemetery and who wrote pantomines in his leisure hours. In Manchester there are two cemeteries close together, and the cabman took Cellier to the wrong one. "Ah!" said Alfred, with a light-comedy, Charles Matthews manner, as he entered the office, "Ah! how do you do, sir? Very pleased to meet you." The gentleman glanced at him over his glasses and contented himself by saying, curtly: "Good evening. Hum! You're very late, sir," (this rather reproachfully). "Yes," said Alfred, apologetically, "I am, rather; but the fact is, I only just got in from London." "Then," said the other, "I suppose I must make an exception in your case; but it's not usual to enter anything in the book after four o'clock." "It was about the book I came to speak," said Cellier. The gentleman, with a sigh of resignation, seated himself at his desk. "Name?" said he. "Alfred Cellier," replied the possessor of that name, getting mystified. "Male or female?" said the questioner. Alfred uneasily shifted his chair nearer the door, and said: "I beg pardon?" "You heard what I said, sir," sternly replied the other; "male or female?" "Male," said Cellier, driven to desperation. "On what date?" Cellier took up his walking stick, determined to be ready for any emergency, and said: "I don't know for certain, sir, but I suppose it will be on Boxing Day; that is the day on which pantomimes are generally produced." The gentleman rose from his desk, seized the ruler, and—with his eyes steadily fixed on Cellier's—got behind an arm chair, then, backing to the door of an inner room, locked the door sharply after him, and Cellier heard him call—out of a back window, presumably—"Mary, get a policeman. He's mad."

A Slangy Pun.

Mrs. Uptown Flatte—Jane is the laziest parlor maid I ever saw. She simply won't dust.

Mr. Uptown Flatte—Then you'll have to make her dust. Discharge her.

Daisies.

For Saturday Night.

Through the daisy mea'ow tripping,
Like a fairy vision flitting,
Pretty Grace.
Cupid whispers: "Bow be steady,"
Holds his little arrow ready
In its place.

Tom, his way through daisies wending,
Little dreams his steps are tending
Towards Grace.
Cupid whispers: "Bow be steady,"
Shoots his little arrow ready
From its place.

But the maid, her bright eyes dancing,
Trips by, not o'er backward glancing,
Saucy Grace!
While the arrow, speeding steady,
In the heart of Tom, doth ready
Find a place.

MABEL MACLEAN HELLIWELL.

The Old School House.

For Saturday Night.

The humble roof oft sheltered me, a child,
Dear pile of rough-hewn mountain stone;
Musing upon the scenes of childhood days,
Beside thy old, familiar walls I stray alone.

Here, saw I our stern-faced master glide
Adown the sloping vale of furrowed time;
Saw others come not half so stern as he,
Yet wished him back in all his manly prime.

I enter now, and seat myself in awe,
A hallowed silence fills the dim old room,
I miss the whispered question of the school,
The boyish shouts that hailed the welcome noon.

And where the noisy rush of hungry youth,
The silvery jingle of the teacher's bell?
I hear them not, nor, as the light grows dim
The swelling raptures of our evening hymn.

So deep my thought, that day has sped along,
And night grows darkling on my weary eye,
Yet silence mingles with my distant thoughts,
And fancy moveth as the sunlight dies.

The far, far West has claimed of schoolmates some
The mournful billows sweep their dead between
The lights of cities flash on faces fair,
And few are left to fill my wakeful dream.

Swing fast your serried years, oh! sacred time,
And hurl your might against the ranks of life,
But join our hands when through with earthly strife
And tune thy voice to suit our evening hymn.

B. KELLY.

Good-Bye.

For Saturday Night.

Good-bye! I say it love with streaming eyes
For in that simple word a life time lies.
For as I gaze across the waste of years,
No little ray of light the gloaming cheers.

Good-bye! The echo calls in wistful tone.
I hearken to thy voice—I am alone.
And now upon life's journey I depart—
A smiling face above a broken heart.

A. A. S.

A Song of To-Day.

For Saturday Night.

Through the gloom of terrors grim,
See! a fulgent ray has dawned;
Sing a new, exultant hymn;
Chasms that for sinners yawned
Close, and men such doctrines shun:
Heaven for all and hell for none!

Furl the crimson flag of hate!
Loose the azure folds of love!
Open wide the mercy gate!
Point, with hope, to joys above!
Superstition's reign is done!
Heaven for all and hell for none!

Reason, science and the voice
Whisp'ring in the soul of man,
Now in sweet accord rejoice
In a song the muse began.
This expound to everyone:
Heaven for all and hell for none!

We, of latter days, exist
In an age of love and law;
We have cleaved the blinding mist—
Seen as others never saw.
This hath Reason for us won:
Heaven for all and hell for none!

TORONTO. WILLIAM T. JAMES.

Farewell.

For Saturday Night.

The hour draws near when I must bid adieu
To thee, sweet village, nestling in the vale
By Fundy's waters, whose most-varied hue
Lends witching beauty to each hill and dale;

The glowing sunshine ush'ring in the day
When glad birds carol forth their matin song,
The curling mists, which o'er the waters lay,
The beauteous morning's glories to prolong.

The waters of thy bay a radiance shed
At noon and eve, caught from the heavens' face,
As stooped to kiss them like a lover glad,
This maiden coy, at happy trysting-place.

Farewell to pleasant walks which, at the eventide,
Whilst Cynthia's silv'ry beams did sweet enchantment lend,
As sunset merged in twilight's hour no more will find
With me, my dear, and sweet contentment send.

Farewell, dear babbling brook, that by the woodside lay
Where willows weep and sweet wild roses grow;
Where oft at morning and the sweet mid-day,
I gathered mosses green, and bud and blow.

Farewell, to each sweet spot, a sad farewell,
Where you and I, my dear, were wont to meet,
And men'ryes fond will cause my eyes to fill
At thought of happiest hours we passed in converse sweet.

SMITH'S COVE, N.S., JUNE 22. R.

Il n'y a Pas de Titre Ou Lettrine

For Saturday Night.

How have I gladly looked from day to day
On thy pure loveliness!
How have I silent hid my love away
And lived in loneliness?
How have I crushed the passion in my heart,
Nor given its mandate speech!
How, self-resigned to live from love apart,
Thine far, far out of reach!

Bid by thy purity to silent rest,
Am I not forgiv'n
For utterances of thoughts that fill my breast
And lift my soul to heav'n?
Within this lonely room has ever place,
And with me shall remain,
One sweet and pure, yet half reproach'ful face,
At once my joy and pain.

Earth holds but duty for me now, at last
Not one farewell embrace;
The bitterness of death is easy passed
And time doth speed apace;
I dare not call it my saint by asking love;
I kneel but at the shrine,
And daily pray that we may meet above,
And rest in love divine.

SAXE.

Noted People.

Miss Estelle M. Callen has just been appointed a master in chancery at Pontiac, Illinois. She is the first woman in the State to fill such an office.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, the popular novelist, has been the mother of fifteen children. It is only of late years that she has discovered her ability to write stories.

Miss Bessie H. Thomas of Philadelphia recently took the first prize at the Academy of Fine Arts in that city. She won it over both women and men students.

Prince Bismarck rarely writes an autograph letter now, but contents himself with signing epistles which he dictates. If the communication is to some especial admirer he encloses his photograph.

Rudyard Kipling has made a short and quiet visit to this country for rest and change. His health is not very rugged, although he is not dying of consumption, as some recent reports have had it.

John Lothrop Motley's daughter, Lady Harcourt, lives in London, and has the reputation of being one of the cleverest and wittiest women in English society. She is also extremely handsome.

Alexander Rankin, the Scotchman who succeeded John Brown as Highland servant to the Queen, has obtained almost as marked an influence in the royal household as Brown possessed. He is the personal attendant of the Queen on every journey.

The Countess Lewenhaupt, the widowed daughter of ex-Secretary Bayard, is said to have inherited $75,000 from her husband, who, it will be remembered, survived the marriage only a few days. She is now on the way to Sweden, accompanying the body of her husband to its last resting place.

There was a noteworthy celebration at Vienna on June 9 of the twenty fifth anniversary of the writing of the Beautiful Blue Danube, by Strauss. A gigantic concert was given by five hundred players, the consolidation of eight military bands, led by Strauss himself. Of course the waltz was not neglected.

An old Irish woman, Mrs. Hurley, has recently died in California at the age of one hundred and eight, who always prided herself upon the fact that as a child she had been kissed by the patriot Robert Emmet. She could distinctly remember the Irish rising, under the French General Hoche, in 1798.

Queen Victoria does not escape business by her visits to Balmoral Castle. A private telegraph wire runs direct from the castle to London, and this is in constant use. A collection of cabinet boxes and a mass of correspondence is sent to the Queen every day by special messenger, and all receive her prompt attention.

Stanley's contract with the American publishers of his last book called for fifty thousand dollars in royalty. It is now authoritatively stated that he has received from them the additional sum of forty-one thousand dollars, and that Major Pond paid over to him some ninety thousand dollars as his portion of the proceeds of the lecture tour.

Young Adam Forepaugh, though his income is now greater than the president's salary, dons his pink tights at every performance of his circus and rides in the hurdle-race with all the interest of a ten-dollar-a-week supe. Young Forepaugh is thirty years old and built like an athlete. He has had something to do about a circus-ring since he was a boy of seven.

With all his other vanities, the Emperor William possesses that of having his picture painted. Three Berlin artists are now at work on seven different interpretations of his Majesty's proportions arrayed in various costumes. One of these, representing him in hunting rig, will go to his grandmother, Queen Victoria, and is expected to adorn the walls of Windsor Castle.

Dr. Charles Eastman, the Sioux Indian to whom Elaine Goodale has just been married, was a good deal of an athlete while at Dartmouth. His practice sometimes disturbed students underneath and near his room. On one occasion about eighty sufferers paid him a visit to throw him out of the window. The civilized Sioux met them with a revolver and a dumb-bell. It is unnecessary to say that he was not thrown out.

It was The O'Gorman Mahon, the fine old Irish gentleman whose death was chronicled recently, who introduced Parnell to Mrs. O'Shea. He was a man of extreme punctiliousness and when the scandal became public it was believed that he would challenge the uncrowned king to a duel. Had the meeting been brought about it would have been the seventeenth affair of honor that The O'Gorman Mahon had taken part in.

Tsuda Sango, the Japanese policeman who attempted recently to assassinate the Czarowitz, has been sentenced to life imprisonment with hard labor. The two jinrikisha men who came to the Czarowitz's rescue have, besides receiving decorations and pensions from their own government, been each given a gold medal, $2500 in cash, and a life pension of $1000 a year by Russia. They will not have to propel jinrikishas for a living after this.

Princess Helen Sanguszko, who died recently at the age of fifty-six, received an offer of marriage from Louis Napoleon when she visited his court during the first days of the empire. He did not become the suitor of the Empress until he had been definitely rejected by the Princess. She had the reputation of being the most beautiful woman in Poland, if not in Europe. She had many suitors, but preferred a single life in her old castle of Gumniska.

There has lately died, in an insane asylum in Cracow, Sister Barbara Ubryh, in whose behalf the Cracow riots took place over twenty years ago. She was a nun in a Carmelite Sisterhood, and for some act of indiscretion was confined for twenty-one years in a cell ten feet underground. Her imprisonment having become known to a relative, she was rescued, but the tumult of popular feeling was so great that there was a riot raised against the Catholics. Her sufferings had rendered the poor woman insane.

Notes of an Idler.

It is perhaps the general unsatisfactoriness of the maidens of real life that makes us love so much the maidens of the imagination. One reads of maidens, of their pure souls and loving hearts, and longs with a great longing and heart loneliness for the love of such an one. But these maidens are all the creatures of dreams. Perhaps one thinks he discerns some of the lovely traits of the dream maidens in the character of some girl he knows, and is indiscreet enough to show that he loves her—then this maiden whom he has so idealized laughs at him and flouts him, presumes upon his affection to be rude to him and on the whole shows herself to be as shallow as her over-affectionate sister, who intrudes herself upon him in every possible way.

Perhaps the maidens of to-day have hearts as grand and lovable as those of the dream-maidens, but the idler does not possess the key to open such hearts, and he must assuage his loneliness by loving those maids of by-gone times, whose hearts he knows and whose stories are ever fresh. Nausicaa, perhaps, loveliest maid of all classic literature, shining a radiant star above all Homer's heroines; without the queenly beauty of Helen, perhaps, or the stern strong soul of Penelope, but we meet her and part with her as a maiden. We see her first coaxing and cajoling her father, and like a girl of to-day calling him Papa, for the Greek word is the same as our English one. Then we see her with her maid driving the glossy mules to the seashore to wash the linen, for though she is a king's daughter she takes part in the household duties. In the midst of her laughing she is thinking of the lover, whom in a dream Minerva has hinted at, and her gayety is heightened by an ecstatic, half tearful anticipation. Then on the beach in the midst of a game she encounters the uncouth, storm-beaten Odysseus, naked save for a branch he has been able to pluck. The other maids flee shrieking hysterically, but Nausicaa suddenly assumes a sweet maidenly dignity, the true modesty, and listens to his prayer. Then when she has bestowed on him linen, and when he comes forth beautified by the goods, a form now erect and Apollo-like with his beard and curling hair, to quote the matchless description of Homer, "as gold-work laid upon silver," surely he is the lover of whom she has dreamt! Thinking thus as he journeys to the city beside her chariot, she asks him to leave her as they near the crowded streets that she may not be made ashamed by gossiping tongues. Then when he reaches her father's palace and is royally received, she listens wide-eyed to his adventures, and love grows strong in her. And then a great disappointment comes over her, and Odysseus, sorrowing for the wrong he has unintention-ally wrought in her heart, leaves her father's court early in the morning, sparing her the pain of a farewell. The loveliness of Nausicaa's character is but suggested by Homer, but in reading her story we breathe with her the pure air and stand in the rare light of Parnassus, and we love her more than all the maids of classic fame. And from dreaming of the lovely Nausicaa we pass to Desdemona—from enchanted isles of Greece to that modern city of enchantment, Venice. Is it not Andrew Lang who has said that there is magic in the name? The Queen of the Sea—sacred city of how many heroes, and sung by Shakespeare, Byron and Browning! And in the mighty Church of St. Marks we picture the blue-eyed Desdemona at worship. She is older than most unmarried girls—seventeen, perhaps—for she is motherless, and her father would fain keep her at his side. From these majestic portals she comes, meek-eyed and reverent, and we see her reclining in her gondola, and on the bridges the gay young Venetians are striving to catch her smiles. She reaches her home and there is a stranger there. He is swarthy and grand, and like another Odysseus he tells of his adventures. And Desdemona is another Nausicaa. She listens "with a greedy ear," and after that first meeting, in the retirement of her chamber she gazes out upon the moonlit canal and listens to the caressing wash-wash of its waters, and away in the distance is the Lido, guarding the city, a crescent of light. And she dreams as did Nausicaa. Then come many more meetings, and in the daytime, as she goes to and fro from the cathedral, she gazes upon the Lion and wonders at the strange Norse characters on it and at its rugged strength, and thinks of Othello. And from hence all know her story—how she attained fruition of her dreams, and how short-lived was her joy; and at last we see her in the saddest and most beautiful scene of all—Shakespeare. She is thinking of the waning of her happiness, and her overburdened, puzzled heart recalls the old ballad of the lorn lover:

Sing willow, willow, willow.

Nausicaa's dream gradually faded away, and was no more than a dream. Desdemona, Semele-like, looked on love and died.

There are many more of these dream-maidens—lovely, human, unhappy Maggie Tulivers, for instance. With the maidens we love most the happiness they attain to is paid for with the more sorrow. The story of Maggie is as pathetic as that of Desdemona. She longed to be loved and the persons who loved her most were ones she had no right to love. And there is Dickens' Dora, happy because she thought not, and two other dream-maidens attained happiness without after suffering—Romola and Agnes Wickfield—but their sorrow came before. What is the secret of happiness, nowadays? These two dream-maidens knew it and two great women of our century have told it. George Eliot and Olive Schreiner each tell us that is in forgetfulness of self and in devoting oneself to the happiness of others. Is it so?

The Beecher Monument.

At Brooklyn has been completed and erected the Beecher Monument at which the American sculptor, John Quincy Adams, was at work for many months. The main figure, which is shown on page one, is a statue of Beecher himself and is nine feet high. The monument is not in any sense a special tribute of Plymouth Church to its great and beloved pastor, and the sculptor did not depict Beecher in his pastoral capacity. It was always his pride and pleasure to transcend that capacity and the whole figure, with its accessories, strives to depict the broad humanity of the man. These accessories are beautifully done. Kneeling on a pedestal at his right hand is the figure of a slave girl, looking up at him with love and reverence. At his left are two of the children of the poor mourning for him. No one can look at the central figure itself without receiving, first of all, the impression that the living man made upon all who met him or who heard him—the impression of exuberant vitality and of conscious power. The burly figure is firmly planted, as of one who has taken his stand and cannot be moved; and the detail, from the resolute and alert poise of the head to the hat gripped in the pressure of a powerful hand, is all adapted to carry out the idea of courage and of independence. It is unmistakably the statue of an orator, but it is not the statue of the pulpit orator who is assured beforehand of the sympathies of his congregation, but rather of the orator who faces a hostile throng whose hostility he feels secure of his power to quell.

Rev. Chas. A. Briggs.

The above picture will give a good idea of the beautiful, benevolent face of this now famous man. He chiefly upholds the divinity of the human reason and his peculiar case was detailed in these columns some few weeks ago.

Mrs. Grimwood the Heroine of Manipur.

Mrs. Grimwood, the heroine of the Manipur retreat, will be decorated by the Queen with the Victoria Cross in recognition of her bravery, and has already received the Royal

Red Cross bestowed on good nurses. She was the wife of the Resident at Manipur and was married but two years when the massacre occurred. She has herself written a vivid account of the affair. In her letter to her sister-in-law she tells that she was under fire for several hours, the bullets falling all around her. She was wounded twice, once very painfully in the knee but she continued to tend the wounded in the Residency, exposing herself repeatedly and receiving a third wound in the arm. When the Residency was to be evacuated she was the guide of the retiring party and without shoes, almost starving, her hurts in bad condition, she led them for ten days, covering 120 miles, and being all the time in acute anxiety about her husband, who, though she knew it not, had been murdered by the enemy. Her bravery has also received recognition from the British Government who have conferred upon her a valuable pension.

Art and Artists.

Mr. Robert Harris, R.C.A., is at present at work on a portrait of Dr. Howe, who has been for fifty years principal of the Montreal Board of Protestant Commissioners' High School. The portrait is a present from graduates of the college, and the subscriptions are very large as Dr. Howe has been beloved by every boy who ever came under his control.

Mr. G. A. Reid, R.C.A., exhibited in the Paris Salon this year a picture entitled The Berry Pickers. The hazy effects therein are said to be worthy of especial praise. A pen and ink sketch of the picture will be published in SATURDAY NIGHT in a week or so's time. Mr. and Mrs. Reid left on Saturday for New York, and from thence they will proceed up the Hudson to the Katskills, whence they expect to find subjects for much good work.

Absent Mindedness.

The Professor—Come, pretty kitty—pretty puss, puss! I wonder how a kitten got so far away from civilization?

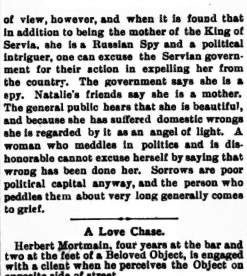
The Retainer—Hustlin' Abdallah! th' sahib is looking throu h the wrong end of his glasses. —*Judge.*

Mr. Paul Peel, R.C.A., exhibits in the Salon a subject entitled Jeunesse, two children playing in a garden. Mr. Peel's ability to depict the characteristics of children is well known, and the handling of this subject is equal to any of his previous work. The composition is exquisitely simple and the picture embodies a pretty, humorous suggestion.

Other Canadians exhibit works in the Salon. Messrs. Ernest E. Thompson and Blair Bruce, pupils of Bouguereau and Tony Robert Flewry, have each a fine picture. The latter's study, Young Lady Modeling a Piece of Statuary, is beautifully colored and the figure is well posed. Mr. Thompson, who is devoting himself to animal subjects, exhibits a Sleeping Wolf, well posed and harmoniously and naturally colored. Mr. Charles Alexander exhibits Manifestations of the Canadians Against the English Government at St. Charles in 1837, said to be painted at the order of the Quebec Government, and though reflecting discredit on the taste of Mercier's government, to Mr. Alexander it is a creditable piece of work. It is an ambitious subject and is well handled, very gay in color and on the whole striking. Mr. T. Edwin Atkinson, a Toronto boy, exhibits The Old Chateau; Evening, a fine picture. Mr. A. Curtis Williamson exhibits a scene of French peasant life entitled Old Kitchen in Fontainbleau. The picture is well colored and is composed with an excellence rare in pictures showing interiors. Two well painted women are at work and there is no unnecessary detail. The light is also well handled. CHAD.

Ex-Queen Natalie of Servia.

Natalie viewed as a wife commands the sympathy of everybody. Her wrongs from this standpoint are many. There is another point



of view, however, and when it is found that in addition to being the mother of the King of Servia, she is a Russian Spy and a political intriguer, one can excuse the Servian government for their action in expelling her from the country. The government says she is a spy. Natalie's friends say she is a mother. The general public hears that she is beautiful, and because she has suffered domestic wrongs she is regarded by it as an angel of light. A woman who meddles in politics and is dishonorable cannot excuse herself by saying that wrong has been done her. Sorrows are poor political capital anyway, and the person who peddles them about very long generally comes to grief.

A Love Chase.

Herbert Mortmain, four years at the bar and two at the feet of a Beloved Object, is engaged with a client when he perceives the Object on opposite side of street.

The Client—Well, I was served with notice as accommodation indorser, and took up the note—

Herbert (distractly)—Precisely. Exactly. Quite so. No doubt. [Aside.] Oh, if I were only out there!

The Client—Not paying the money, but by making a new note indorsed by my partner—

Herbert (aside)—I could engage her for Tuesday evening. [Aloud.] Perfectly right—I'd have done the same. Then you arrested your partner, of course.

The Client (staring)—Arrested him! Arrested him!

Herbert (aside)—Before Maurice Mashley has a chance to. [Aloud.] Oh, yes; excuse me—he arrested you!

The Client (fairly gasping)—Arrested me! Who's talking about arrests, any way!

Herbert—Well, I thought perhaps you might have arrested each other—or perhaps somebody else did. (Aside.) And I will, too! (Aloud.) Beg pardon, but I've just thought of some very important business. I'll return in ten minutes—or half an hour—or two hours—or this afternoon. [Rushes out.]

The Client (boiling over)—Very well, young man. I'll take my case to some one whose address isn't Bloomingdale by right! [Exit in wrath.]

Herbert, tearing along corridor, encounters Leading Lawyer.

Leading Lawyer (condescendingly)—Just coming to you, Mortmain, as I happened to be in the building. I want a junior in the Gribbs case, and if you'll give your entire attention to—

Herbert (to whom this proposal would have been rapture five minutes before)—Oh—ah—I'm too busy—I mean, I accept with pleasure—if you'll call later—much occupied just now—ah—eh——[Disappears, leaving Leading Lawyer and a $500 fee to go elsewhere.]

On Street—Sees far ahead a rose and white form which he knows to be the Object. Dashing after it, meets friend.

Friend (first time he was ever known to do it)—I say, hold on. Come down to the store and I'll pay you that money I borrowed last——

Herbert (pushing past)—Oh keep it—I may want to borrow some more—that is, perhaps you will—give it to the Fresh Air Fund—good-bye. [Friend petrified, but adamantinely resolves not to renew his proffer.]

Herbert—She's almost four blocks ahead. By Jove, I must hurry!

Crowd before Sarcinet & Galloon's show window. Herbert plunges through, around and over it with blind obstinacy of his fixed idea.

The Crowd—Oh, what a brute of a man! Look quick, Louise, and see if he's snatched anything. Police! Confound you, sir, what do you mean? Bad luck till your sowl, git out av th' strate, or O'll droive roight over ye! Police!

Herbert (emerging much disheveled)—Never mind. I've gained a block!

At Cross Street—Compact jam of carts, wagons, jiggers, hacks, cabs and every kind of vehicle.

Different Drivers—Hi, there! Git off this truck! He's razzle dazzled for sure—hit him a clip, Patsy! Them hosses 'll kick de top of yer head! Back out of the way or I'll run you in! Hing for the wagon, Connelly; he's an insane lunatic.

Herbert (more disheveled, but having crossed somehow or other)—I'm still gaining!

His Uncle Roger (detaining him)—Where are you going so fast, Berty? Come in and take luncheon with me when I read you a paper I've written for the Genealogical Society. It won't occupy half an hour.

Herbert (who has always till now striven to keep on his uncle's right side)—Can't stop, Uncle Roger—business—walking for exercise—some other time!—moving.

His Uncle Roger (thoroughly offended)—Young cub! I think, after all, my money had better go to the society. I'll see about it to-day. [Does so.]

Herbert is close upon the rose and white figure ahead, when enter Maurice Mashley, who without having taken the slightest trouble, by sheer good luck meets The Object just as he descends the club steps.

Mashley (beamingly)—Ah, good morning! So glad to have this unexpected pleasure. Will you permit me?

The Object (all smiles)—Why, certainly. [He accompanies her. Here imagine a speech for Herbert].

The Object—Indeed, my mother and I will be delighted with your escort Tuesday evening. [Imagine another speech for Herbert.]

The couple turn suddenly and pass Herbert, who bows confusedly and staggers on, but not quickly enough to miss hearing:

The Object—Mr. Mortmain's practice seems not to require much of his time. He is always on the streets.

Mashley—He looks rather peculiar, doesn't he?

The Object—Yes, I noticed it. His clothes are disordered and he's very much flushed and painfully wild-eyed. Did you ever hear that any of his family were eccentric or crazy? [The reader is advised not to imagine a third speech for Herbert.]

What He Lost by the Chase.		What He Gained by It.
Client's Business	$ 1,500	
Junior Counsel Fee	500	
Loan to Friend	10	
Damage to Clothes	20	
Uncle Roger's Estate	100,000	
Total	$102,030	
And all hope of winning The Object.		*Munsey's Weekly.*

The Latest Anglomaniac.

He was a faultless swell, and when he went to call on a fashionable woman on Class avenue she was pleased beyond expression. At half past eight he started to go.

"Must you go so soon?" she inquired.

"But I assuah you, my deah Miss Fwances," he entreated, "it is quite late."

"Why, it is only half past eight o'clock!" she urged.

"Yaas, Miss Fwances, by yoah time but, don't you know, it is quite aftah twelve by London time, and, weally, I must be going. So sowy, don't you know, but what cawn't be cuahed must be enduahed, don't you know. Good night, Miss Fwances. You'll be at the tea to-mowow, of coahs? Good Night."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Her Economy.

Father—I wish you would not lace so tight. It is positively inhuman.

Daughter—Why, I thought you would be pleased, father. The material for this dress cost seven dollars a yard.

A Stay of Proceedings.

She (sweetly)—The moonlight is beautiful tonight, George.

He (desperately)—I know it is, Nellie, but I can't propose to-night—I forgot the ring. You will forgive me, won't you?

A LEGEND OF BOHEMIA

BY MONA CAIRD,

Author of "The Wings of Azrael," "Is Marriage a Failure," "Whom Nature Leadeth," Etc.

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MONA CAIRD.

In the middle ages, Bohemia was a wild land of mountains and forests, where no one dared to venture out of his house or beyond the walls of his town without carrying arms. In the heart of this romantic country nestled the quiet old town of Eger, the home of Wallenstein's rebellion and of his treacherous murder. The Egerland is now a wide stretch of fertile plain encircled by a line of blue mountains, a little retired world that has seen to-day the customs of ancestors dating far back into history, continue to regulate the lives of the simple inhabitants. The houses of the peasant-farmers are all built on one immemorial pattern; their inmates wear the same style of garments unvarying even to a button, they sleep in gaily painted four-post beds in carefully curtained round, and quaff vast potations of beer out of big tin or earthenware flagons. The Egerlanders stand apart from their neighbors as absolutely as if miles of sea lapped their little territory instead of a circlet of hills. Once inside this enchanted enclosure, the traveler finds himself half constrained to take life on mediæval terms, so potent is the old-world atmosphere, so strange the charm of the quaint, superstitious and child-like worship of the people.

Worn out with the worry and toil of conducting a large business, I found myself, one sunny September, in the heart of this quaint little land, and I blessed, in an illogical fashion—pardonable in my exhausted state—the railway which had enabled me to take a dip into an age when steam engines were still undreamt of.

For seven happy weeks I was a Bohemian at heart; a devout Catholic, a worshipper of lean saints. Many a day as I came to a little lonely shrine, by the side of some path across the fields, I have gone down on my knees and worshipped—I knew not what—the sweet virgin in her blue robe edged with gold, holding the haloed infant in her arms. I came to love that mild-faced lady, and to wish that I could carry her home with me to pray to when the foreign malls came inland—for alas! my delicate goddess grew pale at that thought, and I remembered that she belonged to the land of Yesterday, and would fade and die if she were transported to the glaring world that Fate had chosen for my dwelling-place. I had one favorite shrine which stood at the foot of a hill crowned by a large church, whose strange Byzantine-looking cupola of zinc or copper painted red, could be seen for miles across the plain. My shrine was presided over by a bright blue virgin, whose cerulean eyes had been tinted with the same paint that stained her robe, slightly diluted. On the shrine grateful pilgrims had hung numerous quaint thank offerings for having been preserved from illness or accident. At the feet of my Lady of Azure, when I approached on one lovely afternoon, I was a maiden with head bent in prayer. I had the impulse to go up and kneel beside her. It is impossible to describe the sense of happiness that I felt as I joined in worship with this beautiful Bohemian girl. It seemed to me that then, if never before or after, my prayer must be granted. My fellow-worshipper was the daughter of one of the wealthy peasant proprietors of the Egerland: her handsome cloth dress, with it heavy clasp of antique silver—heirlooms centuries old—and the strange head-gear of black stuff revealed her station. She was large of frame, with regular features, black eyes, and a fine carriage of the head. How I blessed the perseverance with which I had devoted myself to the Slavonic languages! It was not difficult to draw the girl into conversation. She was frank and trustful, if a little shy. This child of the Middle Ages fascinated me as much as did her wild, spell-bound little country. It seemed to me that an old dream of mine was realized and that I had been permitted to step out my own noisy century, and to meet and speak with the generations of the past.

Our shrine, my beautiful companion told me, had been raised on this spot five centuries ago by an ancestor of her own, Baron Zwaptolik, one of the great Bohemian nobles, in thanksgiving for the rescue of his only daughter from the murderous assault of a robber chieftain, whose powerful band was at that time infesting the district.

The girl was sitting, rosary in hand, at the foot of the shrine; I had stretched myself by the hedge side, in luxurious ease. The sun was hot, the breze wonderfully soft, I sank into a strange lethargic state, as if my body were asleep, while my imagination became abnormally vivid. My companion unwinding for me the story that had been handed down among the owners of the soil from the troubled times of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; but such was not precisely my impression. I seemed to be transported backwards, across the great plain of time, and gently landed in the midst of a romance of the Middle Ages. The scene had scarcely changed; it was still the beautiful Egerland; Eger lay at the end of a four-mile avenue of stately poplars, with its castle and gabled houses in the distance; the church stood above me on the hill top; but there was now only a rough track up to the building, and the whole country seemed like a vast forest—it was in fact a part of the great Hercynian forest—with a few farms and scattered hamlets, and here and there a church. By some magic of place and time, I had become a spectator, though not an actor in the drama. This power of knowing all, without the slightest ability to act, made me feel at times as if I were suffering from a terrible nightmare. I do not think that I was able to raise my head or to open my eyes; I seemed to be under a spell similar to that which the wicked count in the story held over the beautiful daughter of old Baron Zwaptolik, whose vast castle used to stand, surrounded by dense forests, scarcely a mile from the shrine.

Drahomira, dark of hair and swift of foot, with her brilliant brown eyes and rich complexion, was one of the wealthiest heiresses in the kingdom, and her hand had been eagerly sought by the sons of the neighboring nobles, not only for her beauty, but for her riches. Among these aspirants was one who had long loved her with faithful devotion, in spite of the cold and scornful treatment which either coquetry or aversion appeared to inspire in her. The only consolation of the young Count Vladislav was the fact that Drahomira behaved to her other suitors in exactly the same manner. She had no wish to leave the home where she was idolized by her indulgent old father, who since her mother's death had lavished all his affections upon their only child.

"If I married, it would be all gain for my lord and all loss for me," she used to say with her brilliant smile; "I pray you, good knight, pay your court to some unhappy maiden, who, in becoming your wife, may reach something better than her present state, since she cannot achieve a worse!"

Vladislav would watch the self-willed lady moving among the brilliant company, gracious and smiling, yet ever ready to hold at a distance the most persistent of worshipers.

This firmness of character made her subsequent conduct appear all the more incomprehensible to me, an outsiderwho could only pining to interfere and to set crooked things straight. The first hint of this change of demeanor occurred about the time of a very strange event which created a great sensation all Bohemia. One of the daughters of a great seigneur had, on the very eve of her wedding, disappeared from home, and though search had been made far and wide, no trace of her could be found. The expectant bridegroom had also vanished. I heard the people talking about this incident all around me, and my blood was chilled with a presage of coming evil.

"A jealous and disappointed suitor must have carried her off," said one.

"An enemy of the bridegroom has taken them both away, and is keeping them prisoners," another suggested, and so on ran the surmises. Drahomira, usually so bold and fearless, was white to the lips, and she started if anyone spoke suddenly to her.

"Beloved and gracious lady," said Vladislav, "I fear nothing. No evil shall befall you whilst I am by your side. Had I but the right to be always your protector, what unspeakable joy would be mine." At these words, to everybody's dismay, Drahomira swooned.

When at last she opened her eyes, she turned them instinctively towards the great window, and a look of terror came into them which startled everyone. I followed her gaze, and saw—yes, I am certain that I saw for less than a second the face of a man with dark hair and eyes staring straight into the room. The next instant the face had gone and only the surging forest was to be seen from the deep set window. How I longed to be able to relate what I had witnessed, but I was tongue-tied, moving among these knights and dames, like a ghost, helpless and unnoticed. Drahomira was as full of life as usual during that evening. To me her gaiety seemed wild and feverish, but then I knew what no one else knew in that company. Vladislav looked gloomy. The baron's daughter avoided him, and he thought that she made herself needlessly agreeable to a jackanapes in a crimson doublet, who followed her everywhere. To Vladislav's secret joy, the knight had already drunk deep of the wine that was provided for all comers, in the great hall. Little his rival was thus putting "an enemy into his mouth." Vladislav remained sober and watchful. The tipsy knight came swaggering into the midst of the ladies, snatched Drahomira round the waist in a mad whirl, and proposed a moonlight ramble in the forest. Several strong hands were laid on his arm and he was thrust out of the banqueting hall, where he continued to toast his mistress in the flowing bowl till he rolled off his seat, still trolling out serenades and drinking songs from the shelter of the floor.

Vladislav rejoiced to see several other knights depart discomfited that evening when the hours of revelry at length drew to an end, and the few guests who lived near rode away in companies large enough to resist the bands of marauders that haunted these outlying parts of the great Hercynian forest. The rest, who were sufficiently sober went off to their rooms in the castle. Vladislav was too perturbed to sleep. He sat looking out upon the moonlit scene, thinking of Drahomira. What had caused her sudden terror? Would she ever return his devotion?

Holy Virgin! did his thoughts fashioned a semblance of her out of the mists and the dim moonlight? He saw her crossing the open space before the castle, and with her a man in a dark cloak. Count Vladislav swore a great oath, and then he made off in pursuit.

He could see the two figures, though not their faces, as they stood together in the forest, but he was careful to conceal himself that he might not give the man an opportunity to escape. He must know which of Drahomira's suitors had been able to persuade her to this breach of decorum. Could it be he of the red doublet? Mad with rage and jealousy, Vladislav's feelings were not soothed when he saw the man throw his arms round the girl, and break into a thousand protestations. Yet Vladislav dared not approach; Drahomira would never forgive him if he played the spy!

She broke away from her companion; the love-sick lover crept closer to hear her feet. Then his pleading was recommenced, under which Drahomira seemed to be giving way, though struggling against the man's influence as if in terror. She tried several times to escape, but he thrice succeeded in recalling her. He appeared to have extracted some promise, and then left him at a run. Vladislav intercepted her as she fled back towards the castle.

"Have you been keeping tryst with the Devil, fair lady?"

Drahomira gave a scream and sank back against a tree. "I think I have!" she answered wildly.

"What do you mean? Who is this fellow?" Vladislav demanded in great excitement.

"Don't ask me; I dare not tell you—I must obey him—Vladislav save me." Before the astonished lover could reply the girl had fled past him, and he saw her no more that night. Her words thrilled him with hope and fear.

On the following day the castle was set in a ferment by the news that another great heiress had disappeared from her home. The event filled everyone, from the baron to the stable boy, with the utmost consternation.

Drahomira avoided all attempts on the part of her lover to speak to her about the incident of the previous night; she appeared to have entirely forgotten it and her wild appeal for help.

Vladislav determined to watch her closely, and interfere boldly should any more interviews take place in the forest. But he watched in vain; a week passed without anything remarkable happening. The advent of a young horseman, the son of a Polish noble, and his immediate admission to the castle as a guest, had in it nothing noteworthy, for it was the custom for travelers to receive hospitality from the great houses as they passed through this wild and rubber-haunted country.

Drahomira had often been called upon to welcome such transient guests, but I said whatever she took on her face when her father presented to her the new comer.

Her eyes were full of terror as she returned his low salute. Alas! I alone, impotent ghost, knew the cause of that terror. She recognized the face that had gazed at her that night through the window!

The Polish count made a long stay, and his attentions to Drahomira were remarked by all, as well as her subdued and nervous manner whenever he was present.

"It is insufferable that she should be won under our very noses by a stranger!" said the rivals.

This fascinating person left the castle for a few days on a visit to Eger. During his absence another of the mysterious elopements occurred. The castle was in a panic.

"This is very strange!" exclaimed the count on his return. "In my country we would not suffer our daughters to be carried off without bringing the offenders to a knowledge of our sword-edges. We shall be hearing of the disappearance of our fair hostess next!" Drahomira turned deathly white. Large companies of armed men now went forth daily from the castle in search of the unknown criminals. The Polish count took the lead, swearing that he would not rest until he had achieved success. Old Baron Zwaptolik evidently thought him a fine fellow. I watched the three persons in whom interest was concentrated, with the keenest anxiety. Drahomira seemed to be in a sort of stupor. Her eyes followed every movement of the count, while Vladislav sought in vain to induce her to trust him with her secret. Whenever he addressed her, the eyes of the watchful Pole would fall upon her, and she became confused and silent.

At the end of several days the stranger, with profuse thanks for his hospitable reception, announced his intention to bring his visit to a close. I breathed more freely. On the eve of his departure, Vladislav, looking out of his window once more, saw in his horror the figure of Drahomira disappearing into the shadows of the forest.

He rushed out, but the night was dark and his footsteps upon a crackling branch warned those whom he sought, to plunge out of sight. Among the shadows of that forest I alone witnessed the strange scene that was taking place. Count Kasimir had taken the girl to a lonely spot, and he was standing before her holding her hand and looking fiercely into her eyes. Her gaze was straight and fascinated.

"I have won your love, Drahomira," he said, not as a question but as an assertion. She bowed her head.

"And you will be my bride." Again the head was bowed. An expression, like that of some wild beast, came into the man's face. "Our wedding must be soon!" he said, "and secret. On this day a week hence, beloved, you will deck yourself in your richest and loveliest array, as becomes a bride of no great a house, and a maid of such surpassing fairness—"

"Oh! why did I listen to you?" the girl moaned.

The man gave a grin. "My beautiful one cannot evade the fond toils of love. On this day, a week hence, at an hour after sundown, she will come to her adorer, who will await her at the church of the holy Saint Sebastian, and there the good priest will call the blessing of God upon our union."

Drahomira made the sign of the cross, and the Pole shrank back with an evil frown. As the previous occasion, she left him in very haste. It was in vain that Vladislav tried to pierce the mystery. Her lips were resolutely sealed. On the following morning Count Kasimir departed, and Vladislav breathed freely. But Drahomira's mood did not change. The week hurried past and the day arrived which the unknown bridegroom had appointed for the wedding. I believe that I moaned or made some sort of cry, when I saw Drahomira begin to attire herself in her richest robes, twining diamonds in her hair, and pearls round her slim throat. Her gown, which her mother had worn at her wedding, was richly embroidered with gems, and formed a part of the lady's splendid dower. Over this magnificence Drahomira threw a large cloak, and stealing downstairs, she fled from her home, hurrying up by the bare, steep pathway, towards the church on the hill-top. The light had almost died when she arrived, and the place looked see by the glare of torches, the window that candles were burning on the altar.

She also noticed that, according to the clock on the church tower, she had come in a few minutes too soon. Had the Holy Virgin taken pity upon her and made the hands to loiter?

Drahomira stole into the church, and saw to her surprise, two figures standing before the altar. One of these was Count Kasimir, and the other a beautiful girl attired in bridal array, adorned like the daughter of Zwaptolik herself, with costly gems. A thrill of horror ran through her! Was this another bride of her mysterious bridegroom? She glanced round, as if expecting some one. Drahomira stooping low, ran swiftly forward and hid herself behind the altar. It was her only chance of escaping detection. Vladislav, she knew, must hear the violent beating of her heart, as she lay crouching in the shadow within a few feet of him. Presently—it could not have been two minutes after she had found shelter—a side door opened stealthily, and then the sound of footsteps came along the aisle.

"Here is the priest who will make us for ever one," whispered the bridegroom. Scarcely had he uttered the words when an awful shriek rang through the church, for suddenly three or four ruffians rushed upon the unsuspecting girl and struck her down on the very steps of the altar, in spite of her wild appeal for help to the Virgin and all the blessed saints. Another stifled shriek echoed it from behind the altar, while the wild work of murder went on under the directions and with the help of Count Kasimir, whose cold-blooded savagery surpassed that of his accomplices. Horrible was the scene that followed. The beautiful bride lay on the floor of the desecrated church, and her robber bridegroom was gloating over the rich booty. Her jewels were torn from her, and then the band of assassins dragged away the body and flung it into a large chest which they had dug in the forest for the reception of their numerous victims. Nearly fainting with terror, Drahomira found herself left alone in the silent church, the candles still burning on the altar, awaiting her own nuptial ceremony. At all hazards she must escape before the return of the robbers and their terrible chief. This then was the secret of the strange disappearances that had scared all Bohemia!

Terror-stricken as she was, Drahomira's heart beat high with revengeful passion. If will and courage could avail, this wicked band should not see the light of morning! Breathing herself for a great effort, she set off on her homeward journey. She glanced at the clock and saw that in five minutes the hour of her appointed wedding would have struck. In that time, therefore, her murderer-bridegroom would be there. Drahomira set off at a run, past him, and she saw her no more that night. Her words thrilled him with hope and fear.

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"This is very strange!" exclaimed the count on his return. "In my country we would not suffer our daughters to be carried off without bringing the offenders to a knowledge of our sword-edges. We shall be hearing of the disappearance of our fair hostess next!" Drahomira turned deathly white. Large companies of armed men now went forth daily from the castle in search of the unknown criminals. The Polish count took the lead, swearing that he would not rest until he had achieved success. Old Baron Zwaptolik evidently thought him a fine fellow. I watched the three persons in whom interest was concentrated, with the keenest anxiety. Drahomira seemed to be in a sort of stupor. Her eyes followed every movement of the count, while Vladislav sought in vain to induce her to trust him with her secret. Whenever he addressed her, the eyes of the watchful Pole would fall upon her, and she became confused and silent.

At the end of several days the stranger, with profuse thanks for his hospitable reception, announced his intention to bring his visit to a close. I breathed more freely. On the eve of his departure, Vladislav, looking out of his window once more, saw in his horror the figure of Drahomira disappearing into the shadows of the forest.

He rushed out, but the night was dark and his footsteps upon a crackling branch warned those whom he sought, to plunge out of sight. Among the shadows of that forest I alone witnessed the strange scene that was taking place. Count Kasimir had taken the girl to a lonely spot, and he was standing before her holding her hand and looking fiercely into her eyes. Her gaze was straight and fascinated.

"I have won your love, Drahomira," he said, not as a question but as an assertion. She bowed her head.

"And you will be my bride." Again the head was bowed. An expression, like that of some wild beast, came into the man's face. "Our wedding must be soon!" he said, "and secret. On this day a week hence, beloved, you will deck yourself in your richest and loveliest array, as becomes a bride of no great a house, and a maid of such surpassing fairness—"

"Oh! why did I listen to you?" the girl moaned.

The man gave a grin. "My beautiful one cannot evade the fond toils of love. On this day, a week hence, at an hour after sundown, she will come to her adorer, who will await her at the church of the holy Saint Sebastian, and there the good priest will call the blessing of God upon our union."

Drahomira made the sign of the cross, and the Pole shrank back with an evil frowd. As the previous occasion, she left him in very haste. It was in vain that Vladislav tried to pierce the mystery. Her lips were resolutely sealed. On the following morning Count Kasimir departed, and Vladislav breathed freely. But Drahomira's mood did not change. The week hurried past and the day arrived which the unknown bridegroom had appointed for the wedding. I believe that I moaned or made some sort of cry, when I saw Drahomira begin to attire herself in her richest robes, twining diamonds in her hair, and pearls round her slim throat. Her gown, which her mother had worn at her wedding, was richly embroidered with gems, and formed a part of the lady's splendid dower. Over this magnificence Drahomira threw a large cloak, and stealing downstairs, she fled from her home, hurrying up by the bare, steep pathway, towards the church on the hill-top. The light had almost died when she arrived, and the place looked see by the glare of torches, the window that candles were burning on the altar.

She also noticed that, according to the clock on the church tower, she had come in a few minutes too soon. Had the Holy Virgin taken pity upon her and made the hands to loiter?

Drahomira stole into the church, and saw to her surprise, two figures standing before the altar. One of these was Count Kasimir, and the other a beautiful girl attired in bridal array, adorned like the daughter of Zwaptolik herself, with costly gems. A thrill of horror ran through her! Was this another bride of her mysterious bridegroom? She glanced round, as if expecting some one. Drahomira stooping low, ran swiftly forward and hid herself behind the altar. It was her only chance of escaping detection. Vladislav, she knew, must hear the violent beating of her heart, as she lay crouching in the shadow within a few feet of him. Presently—it could not have been two minutes after she had found shelter—a side door opened stealthily, and then the sound of footsteps came along the aisle.

"Here is the priest who will make us for ever one," whispered the bridegroom. Scarcely had he uttered the words when an awful shriek rang through the church, for suddenly three or four ruffians rushed upon the unsuspecting girl and struck her down on the very steps of the altar, in spite of her wild appeal for help to the Virgin and all the blessed saints. Another stifled shriek echoed it from behind the altar, while the wild work of murder went on under the directions and with the help of Count Kasimir, whose cold-blooded savagery surpassed that of his accomplices. Horrible was the scene that followed. The beautiful bride lay on the floor of the desecrated church, and her robber bridegroom was gloating over the rich booty. Her jewels were torn from her, and then the band of assassins dragged away the body and flung it into a large chest which they had dug in the forest for the reception of their numerous victims. Nearly fainting with terror, Drahomira found herself left alone in the silent church, the candles still burning on the altar, awaiting her own nuptial ceremony. At all hazards she must escape before the return of the robbers and their terrible chief. This then was the secret of the strange disappearances that had scared all Bohemia!

Terror-stricken as she was, Drahomira's heart beat high with revengeful passion. If will and courage could avail, this wicked band should not see the light of morning! Breathing herself for a great effort, she set off on her homeward journey. She glanced at the clock and saw that in five minutes the hour of her appointed wedding would have struck. In that time, therefore, her murderer-bridegroom would be there. Drahomira set off at a run, past him, and she saw her no more that night. It could be seen from a distance. When about half of the way had been traversed, feeling a horrible sense of paralysed terror, she ventured to glance backs, and a cry of horror escaped her, for there was her terrible enemy rushing down the hill after her! His accursed influence was asserting itself.

She clasped her crucifix; the spell seemed to relax; then she gathered together all her remaining strength and fled down the hill, stumbling, recovering herself, springing over hollows, darting round corners; yet, in spite of her wild efforts, the man was gaining upon her.

Horrible and seemingly everlasting were the next five minutes of agony. Every breath appeared to tear her to pieces; her heart was ready to burst. Oh, that it might burst and so save her before she fell into this ruffian's hands! Why was there no precipice that she might have thrown herself over it? Wild fancy-well thoughts flew threw her brain of her father and of the faithful Vladislav, whose love she had disdained through the fatal influence of this mysterious devil who pursued her.

He had paralyzed the emotions of her heart as well as the decisions of her will. From what evil witch had he purchased the hateful philter?

Still the race went on; still the man slowly gained upon the exhausted girl. At the foot of the hill, which was about a quarter of a mile from the castle, stood a hazel bush, and here Drahomira suddenly sank upon her knees and offered a passionate prayer to the Virgin. Her pursuer gave a shout of triumph, and at the same instant, as he strode down the hill, the Madonna, mild and pitying, appeared in a vision to her knee-kneeling worshipper.

"Holy Mother, have mercy!"

The murderer was now almost at the foot of the hill.

If the virgin had a mind to mercy, it behooved her to be swift! The man, sure of his victim, slackened his pace and came up at a walk.

He laid his hand on the maiden that he carried in his belt, looking round cautiously.

"Holy Mother of God, must I die unshriven?"

"Yes so," replied a voice that sounded to her ears like heavenly music.

It was the voice of Vladislav! In an instant the terrified girl had darted to his side and found that not only her lover, but her father and a goodly company of armed men had come to seek her. Then suddenly she swayed and the grey face became black as night.

"No, I will not faint," she said, groping for support, "there is foul and hideous murder to be avenged." A loud shouting went from the baron and his followers fell upon them with shouts and ferocious curses, and although the assassins made a desperate resistance and sent home several of their antagonists severely wounded, the whole troop was overwhelmed and executed without mercy. The rage of the old baron, as he fought the villains who had planned such a fate for his daughter, was terrible to witness. Vladislav and the chieftain had a fierce hand-to-hand combat, in which at last the robber was slain and Vladislav wounded. When every man of the brutal band had been put to the sword, search was made for the body of the murdered bride and her numerous fellow-victims. These were all found in the trench which the robbers had dug, and with them the treasures for which the crimes had been committed.

All Bohemia rang with the tidings.

For many months Drahomira lay prostrate after the shock of that night's experience, and her state caused her friends great anxiety. Vladislavcame and entreated the baron to let him had given a willing consent to his marriage with his daughter should she herself be favorable to his wishes.

"Oh! Vladislav, had I only listened to you sooner, and to the voice of my heart, all this might never have happened!" Then she unloaded all that had passed during the first meeting with the pretended count in the forest, his flatteries and respectful gallantry, her subsequent terror, her efforts to penetrate the mystery that surrounded him, his request for another meeting and her fatal consent. After that began his power over her, which at last became so strong that she became helpless in his hands, and was forced to obey him, ask what he night.

"When she saw him appear as a guest at the castle, she felt terrified, and tried in vain to throw off the spell of his power, "And to think that I was here all the time, and could not warn you!" Vladislav exclaimed, despairingly. "Oh! my darling, I feared to offend you, or I should have dared more when I saw those strange meetings. Why could not hear that you should regard me as an enemy, or a spy. Will you let me stand at your side and shield you from danger all your life? My love has been laid at your feet for many a day!"

Drahomira's beautiful eyes filled with tears. "If you have not lost patience with me, Vladislav!"

He clasped her in his arms, scarcely able to speak for joy. Two months later Drahomira stood once more arrayed in the bride gown before the blood-stained altar of the church on the hill top. It was her wish to be married there, in spite of its horrible associations.

"I fear at times," she said to Vladislav, "as if the man's power—dead though he be—still haunted me; if I stand with you before that altar I shall feel that I have defied it, and then I shall at last be free."

After the wedding the bride and bridegroom descended the hill and knelt before the little shrine which the baron had caused to be erected in the spot where the Virgin had appeared to his daughter, and at this shrine for the rest of their days and happy married life Vladislav and Drahomira offered many a thanksgiving and many a prayer. It is said by the people that even to this day whoso prays at the shrine of Drahomira is sure of a blessing from the ever-pitiful Virgin, and many are the pilgrims who visit it.

THE END.

[Next week: FATHER JOSEPH'S PENITENT, by Henry Murray, author of A Deputy Providence, &c.]

A Handy Thing

ON WASH DAY—half a cake of SURPRISE SOAP—"just fits the hand" and just takes the dirt out of clothing with astonishing ease and quickness—no waste—every particle does its share of the work. A handy thing to have around to handle the dirt; makes it drop out of the clothing very quick. Why not try SURPRISE SOAP the "surprise way"? Your Grocer sells it. If not, ask him to get it.

READ THE DIRECTIONS ON THE WRAPPER.

St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., St. Stephen, N.B.

Wabash Line.

The banner route. Only 14 hours Toronto to Chicago, 24 hours to St. Louis, 35 hours to Kansas City. Quickest and best route from Canada to the west. The only line running the Palace Reclining Chair Cars (seats free) from Detroit. Finest sleeping and chair cars on earth. Ask your nearest ticket agent for tickets and time tables via this line. J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

Not Her Style.

"What are you reading, dear?"
"A letter from mother, John."
"What does she say?"
"Oh, nothing!"
"That isn't like your mother, is it?"

Can You Believe It?

We know it is hard to believe, and yet it is true, that every day persons who ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, have handed out to them something which looks like C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S, and yet is not.

They are put up in a RED wrapper, and they closely imitate "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S" in general appearance. But it is a fraud!!!

The unsuspecting purchaser who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his pocket.

HEED THE WARNING.

Don't be deceived and do not be imposed upon with an imitation of what you want. You want CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because you know their value and their merit. THEY NEVER FAIL.

When you go to buy a bottle of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, ask for "C-A-R-T-E-R'S," be sure you get "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S," and take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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PATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste

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GENTLEMEN,—I have taken and tested a sample of your "EXTRA GRANULATED" Sugar, and find that it yielded 99.85 per cent. of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be made.

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Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

In a Short Time.

Mr. Andrew Browes, Alma House, Dronfield, Derbyshire, Eng., writes: "For many years I have been sorely afflicted with rheumatic gout; some of time so badly I had to get upstairs on my hands and knees. I could not walk, and was so strong that I had tried many remedies without obtaining any lasting benefits. I employed medical men, but they did not seem to do me any good. My feet were at times swollen to twice their natural size, and I suffered the greatest agony. I had about given up all hope of ever being well again, when my attention was directed to your infallible remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, which I applied with most marvellous effects. I was in a very short time free from pain, and I have, in a large measure, regained the use of my feet and limbs."

His Disappointment.

"It is very strange," said the amateur gardener, "I plant a dozen radishes there and nothing but a lot of green stalks have come up, with not a blamed radish or sign of a blossom on 'em."

July 2nd.

Tommy—What's the matter with your eye, Jimmy!

Jimmy—I looked to see why my cannon didn't go off yesterday.

Mr. Van Twiller's Alibi.

The snow had been falling for several minutes in little eddying gusts, and already a respectable number of flakes were collecting on the cape of Miss Dorothy Dempsey's storm-coat, as she turned into Fifty-Fourth Street with a swinging pace. On her head, framed by a soft halo of brown hair in which the drops of moisture glistened here and there, a dark English walking hat had slipped coquettishly to one side. Her cheeks were brilliant from the cutting wind, and her eyes shone with exhilaration as she battled against the storm.

To insignificant Bertie Carey, advancing from the opposite direction, she appeared like a delightful vision: a delight considerably influenced, of course, by the fact that she belonged to the right "set" of visions, or Bertie, being little a man, would have looked twice at second time. Indeed, it is doubtful whether anything short of Miss Dorothy's genealogy on the maternal side would have induced him to give up his daily game of dominoes at the club and wheel about to join her promenade with such urbane oblivion to the coolness of his reception.

And it is not likely that, at any other time, Miss Dempsey would have resented his intrusion quite so hotly; but, unfortunately for him, her memory still retained with vigor a graphic description, detailed to her only the previous evening by her Cousin Jack, during which, excited to unusual emphasis by Carey's last *faux pas*, he had gone so far as to declare him "a consummate ass, not fit for decent society." Dorothy, having agreed with him in spirit, if not to the letter, felt that she was justified in taking strong measures on this occasion.

To walk down the avenue in his company, at an hour when all her dear "Four Hundred" friends would be abroad and glancing curiously from their brougham windows or over their shoulders, was a reflection upon her taste and discrimination which she was not ready to endure. Accordingly, before the preliminary greetings were fairly over, she was racking her brain for some way of dismissing him. In vain she meditated a dozen clever feminine manœuvres that, under any other circumstances or in any other locality, would have been practicable. It was Carey himself who finally provided her with the means of escape.

"Awfully jolly, this unexpected pleasure of a stroll with you," he murmured, indicating the gait that was rapidly reducing him to breathlessness.

"Yes, indeed," returned Dorothy, with false sincerity; "only it can't be a very long one, as I intend making a call in this block." This with unblushing effrontery, although well aware that she could walk on to the North River without finding a name on her list.

"A mutual friend?" inquired Carey.

"I think not."

"This must be the house then, since it is the last one.

Miss Dempsey gave a hasty, surreptitious glance at the window curtains and evidently found some reassurance in their design.

"Thanks, yes. I suppose you will be at the Greys' Good afternoon.

"Oh, the Greys!" cried Carey, fired to fresh recollections; "haven't you heard? Then, if I may, I will wait and see if your friend is in; if not, we can continue our chat."

Now Miss Dorothy, being an independent and somewhat peremptory young lady, and having gone to all the trouble and risk of this subterfuge, was anything but pleased at a turn which left her unwittingly outwitted. But having gone so far, it was necessary to play the farce out, and, ascending the steps with a good deal of suppressed indignation, she pressed the bell. The door was promptly opened by a neat-capped maid.

"Is Dr. Robinson in?" she inquired, glibly, improvising the first name that came to her.

"I believe so, ma'am; I'll see when I know."

For an instant Dorothy wavered in total dismay. This was a contingency for which she found herself completely unprepared. Then, as her gaze roved from the affable Bertie Carey below to the girl, who had stepped hospitably back, her resolution was taken; to go in and explain, on meeting the doctor, that he was the wrong man, seemed the simplest and most natural way out of the difficulty, and it would rid her of Carey, which was the main thing.

The room into which she was ushered gave her, as a first impression, a sensation of cheer and comfort and good taste. It was fitted up as half office, half library, and a fire on the hearth shed its unstable light on two large chairs, drawn up in a suggestively confidential manner within the seductive radius. Dorothy had made a mental comment of all this before becoming aware that one of these inviting chairs had an occupant, who had slowly risen and was now facing her with an open curiosity which he did not take the trouble to conceal. He was a tall, broad shouldered, athletic young man, with a fine blonde head, and did not in the least resemble the family physician of Dorothy's infantile ailments.

"I have been expecting you," he remarked, calmly; "won't you be seated?"

"But I called to see Dr. Robinson," explained Dorothy, fully expecting him to claim the distinction.

"I am very sorry," replied the young man, imperturbably; "I am Dr. Robinson's nephew, Neil Sawtelle; he was very emphatic about your keeping this appointment. In fact, he went out, hoping to meet you elsewhere, but left me to receive you if you came, and gave me entire authority to act in his stead."

In the course of her life it is probable that Miss Dorothy had never experienced such a variety of emotions. That it was a case of mistaken identity, apparent plain; that to account for her presence here, without betraying her name and her reason for ringing the bell, appeared a problem not easily solved.

"I am sure there is some mistake," she stammered at length; "I am not the person Dr. Robinson expects. I simply wanted to consult him about a slight cold, and will call again."

"As my uncle is no longer a practicing physician, I am sure that cannot be the proper object." He drew himself up to his full height, which Dorothy found rather overwhelming, and adopted a sterner tone.

"Do be seated," he repeated; "this is a very serious matter and must be treated seriously. Your acquaintance with my unfortunate cousin is as well known to me in all its details as to my uncle. Why try to deceive me?" as Dorothy made an attempt for a hearing.

"But I am not the person you think I am," she declared with spirit; "I am Miss Dempsey."

"Indeed! And to what reason does my uncle, an old bachelor, owe the pleasure of this visit to-day? You must excuse my ignoring the cold."

He made a quick, convincing gesture as she started, hesitated—and was lost.

"You see it is useless," he went on; "I must insist on your remaining until you have answered a few questions; but I beg that you won't force me to be more impolite than you can help."

"When will Dr. Robinson return?"

"In an hour or two at the longest. If you prefer waiting for him, that will be even better," and he drew forward one of the easiest chairs.

"But I can't wait here two hours," cried Dorothy, now thoroughly alarmed and continuing to stand uncompromisingly.

"Nor is there the slightest necessity for it. Perhaps, if I state the case, it will enable you to see that you can use the same freedom with me as with the doctor, and also how little the respite of you, provided you are honest, and how unpleasant the consequences may be if you evade. There have been great complications in two of the banks with which my cousin is connected, and actual theft has been committed. It has been proved past doubt at what hour the latter occurred, and suspicion has fallen in the highest places. My cousin will be implicated in the arrests unless it can be proved to the satisfaction of those interested that he was elsewhere at the time. By to-morrow, or at the farthest the next day, all New York will know of it. For some strange reason he refuses to account for himself. Now, all we require is that you shall state under oath when and where you have seen him since Monday last."

"I don't know what you are talking about, and I don't wish to remain here any longer," protested Dorothy, vehemently.

"Nonsense," replied Sawtelle, almost roughly, interposing himself between her and the door; "my uncle gave me a description of you before he left. The idea of you denying that you know Albert Van Twiller is absurd."

At the mention of the name, Dorothy gave a little gasp of horror and amazement.

"Why, of course, I know him," she said, unguardedly; and then, seeing too late that she was only strengthening his mistake, she sank into the nearest chair, with a pitiful wail of distress which did not help matters.

"Oh, this is perfectly dreadful!" she sobbed, forgetting her dignity and mopping her eyes with furtive dabs.

The face of the blonde giant on the rug, he looked scarcely less uncomfortable and ill at ease.

"I don't see but that you will have to wait till the doctor comes. If I should tell you go it would only mean publicity and an appearance at court and all sorts of complications, which you ought to be as anxious to avoid as we are, Miss McKinney."

"I am not Miss McKinney."

"Well, my uncle will know who you are, anyway."

"No, he won't," thought Miss Dempsey, and relapsed into a damp and protracted silence.

"I wonder if you would believe me," she said at last, impulsively, turning on him a pair of moist, indignant eyes, "if I told you exactly how I did happen to come here."

"I am dreadfully sorry. I presume I have made a mess of it," he replied, irrelevantly; "perhaps we had better not try any more explanations till the doctor comes. You see, if I had known that you were in the least"—reddening perceptibly—"the least like what you are, I never should have attempted a conversation."

As Dorothy found nothing to reply to this, another half hour passed, reducing her to a state of nervousness that went far toward confirming Sawtelle in his suspicions. At last, to the infinite relief of both, a key sounded in the latch, and Sawtelle, politely at her averted head, hastily hastened into the hall.

Already the doctor, a hale, hearty man of fifty, was divesting himself of his snowy overcoat, and on catching sight of his nephew he began to speak in a cheery, excited voice.

"Such a day, my boy! The jade escaped me in spite of everything, and called on a City cander this noon. But that isn't the worst of it. No wonder Albert refused to say anything about her. He knew the whole thing would come out, and her testimony wouldn't be worth shucks, for you see he has married her—married her, my dear boy, do you understand?"

As Sawtelle made no response he glanced up hastily.

"Anything wrong?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Sawtelle, in a dramatic whisper of despair, "except that I have kept the prettiest girl I ever saw in a state of torture for two hours. She wouldn't explain who she was at first, and seemed so shocked that I never had a doubt about its being the McKinney woman. You said she was dark."

"Black, staring eyes and big as an ox, almost."

"You didn't say that. This one is small and thorough-bred to the finger-tips."

"Well, we must see about it."

And, accompanied by his anxious nephew, the doctor bustled into the room with an apologetic good-will that somewhat disarmed the hauteur Dorothy was trying to assume.

"There has been a great mistake, my dear young lady, and one about which my nephew is deeply will you walk this way? Mistake hitherto, because he was only following out my instructions, although mistaken in the person. And now, if you will take a seat, I will have the honor of this visit, I shall be very glad if I can retrieve in any way the discomfort you have undergone."

He brought to bay, nothing was left for Dorothy but to make full confession.

"I am Miss Dempsey, of No. — Fifth avenue," she began, but was unceremoniously interrupted by the doctor.

"Not Julien Dempsey's daughter! I knew he left a widow and a child. Bless me, what coincidences! We were chums—old chums at Yale, years ago—but go on, my child."

And then followed the whole ridiculous, mortifying tale, to which the doctor listened with open interest.

"I am glad you happened to come here," he said, not quite approvingly, when she had finished.

"And I hope you are going to exonerate me partially," entreated Sawtelle, who had been preparing his line of defence during the recital. "You can't fancy how humiliated I am or how tempted I was to believe you. If you hadn't acknowledged your acquaintance with poor Van Twiller, I should have weakened at the end."

"I do know Mr. Van Twiller, but the acquaintance is only a superficial one. I saw him last at Mrs. Lyle's ball, Wednesday evening, and sat with him some time in the conservatory. I was upset because what you told me seemed so terribly real."

"But Mrs. Lyle herself mentioned to me that he was not in the house ten minutes," interposed the doctor; "I think she was mified. She fancied he was one of her girls, and now he has thrown himself away—poor Albert!"

"Oh, I know how that happened. He told me all about it. I was sitting in one window with Mr. Green, and, after he had made his adieux, Mr. Green decided to remain, so he sat out a dance with me and finally went off without waiting for him.

"And do you know what time that was?" inquired the doctor, eagerly.

"About a quarter to eight after one, when my partner for the cotillion came up. We began to dance it about that time."

"Could you swear to it on paper?"

"Why, yes; certainly."

"Then," shouted the doctor, triumphantly, "he is vindicated, whether he explains or not. This will satisfy the directors so that they will drop proceedings where he is concerned. They know already that he is not guilty. It is as plain as daylight to us now. He didn't remember the exact time he left the Lyles', and, thinking he was with this woman he has married, didn't want to attract our attention to her."

"And now, if you please, I should like to go home," remarked Miss Dempsey, in a pathetic tone.

"Of course, my dear child, immediately. Neil, call a carriage. I will go with you myself and see your mother, also get your signature, if you will be so kind. It will straighten the affair out wonderfully. Verily, truth is stranger than fiction!"

As Dorothy swept from the room, Sawtelle made a brave, if ineffectual attempt to attract her attention; but as she steadily refused to be aware of his presence his conscience permitted him to retain a small, soaked wad, which was easily concealed in the palm of his hand. Subsequent events have led us to believe—so tender were his ministrations and pressures between the volumes of a new set of Ruskin—that in course of time it became less like a rag and more like a respectable handkerchief.

It is now over a year since these events occurred, and we hear that the article in question, together with a number of other worldly goods, is to be delivered to its rightful owner. How it all came about, those who have now begun their love affairs with a little animosity will never be able to conjecture, but we have it direct from the lips of the round and ever rubicund Carey himself:

"The latest engagement, my dear fellah, is Miss Dempsey's to a person named Sawtelle. Why, they say he has never been to a Patriarch in his life!"—*Mary Golding Lanman in The Epoch.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—Correspondence Columns SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

Correspondents desiring graphological studies are requested to observe the following rules: 1. Quotations are not studied. 2. Postal cards are not studied. 3. Small clippings from letters are not studied. 4. Only one enclosure can be sent us with each letter. 5. Letters are answered as nearly as possible in their turn. By noticing and adhering to these rules editor and correspondents will save much time and a deal of trouble.

IRENE.—See rules.

MORGAN.—Let us know if delineation has yet appeared. See rules at head of column. You have no cousin named Morgan!

MAUREEN.—I don't give two delineations. You should be more alert. Now I have said that cross little word let me add that I don't recollect your writing at all, and that it is very pleasing.

INA. — Tenacity of purpose, energetic and decided opinions, some largeness of the right, an even temper, a strong will, judicious more than generosity, are shown in your handwriting.

M. F. O. B.—An originality, if not always pleasing still enviable in the main, some sense of humor, determination, perseverance, little disposition to spend time or talk to no purpose, justice and care for number one are shown in this writing.

KATONKA.—Careful and deliberate action, good if slow judgment, some desire for praise, some impulsiveness, honor and a capacity for making and keeping friends. I think you like a good time and enjoy the good things of life very thoroughly.

KNICKERBOCKER.—Writing shows great intuition and good judgment, bright and hopeful disposition, some sense of humor, tenacity of purpose, generosity and kindness, love of the beautiful and the true. Thanks for a charming study. 2. The exhibition will open on September 1st.

DOCTOR.—I incline to the belief that your hand is not formed yet, and would therefore prefer not to delineate your character from this study. There is the make of a good hand in it, but the lines are too heavy and labored. It gives one the impression of effort. I dare say in time it will make a capital business hand.

MONA MACHREE.—Writing shows impatience, impulsive action, some temper, but well controlled, rather a sharp judgment and pitiless words for those who offend you, a decidedly talented and probably well cultivated mind, some tendency to skim rather than dive. 2. Certainly. I shall be glad to inform you if you care to inquire.

A. CAUDLE.—Writing shows honesty, optimism, justice, not much sense of manner, or brilliancy of speech, a kindly, large-hearted and conscientious nature, rather matters of fact and built on easy lines, a little fond of pottering about way, but perverse, I think, sometimes like our Hibernian friends you open your mouth and put your foot in it.

BEXHILL.—1. You are happy, hopeful, fond of chatter and company, generous to a good will and open-handed in other matters, can see and appreciate a joke. 2. The accompanying study is only very meagre, I can't do much with it Neo might have exerted herself to the extent of more than one line. It shows decision, some impatience, perseverance, quick perception and rather a clever turn of mind. 3. See rules.

TAUBER.—Writing shows marked ideality, originality and a trait that is also at prejudice. I think you have very strong and warm affections and decided self will. You are impatient of long continued effort, apt to rebel against forms and ceremonies, and want to be ruled by your own sweet will generally. In fact, yours is the sort of chirography which sets upon me like a shower bath.

PEP.—Writing shows sufficient perseverance, some intuition and a even temper, little decision or energy. I don't think you would exert yourself very much unless driven to it, nor ever express very startling opinions, but you'd probably be a very comfortable and easy person to live with. 2. It isn't a sin, any more than for consumptive people, or drunken people, or evil-living or any people not thoroughly sound in every way. The only wonder is to discouraged is on account of probable effects on the children.

ELLEN.—Writing indicates determination, originality, carefulness, a little self-esteem, perseverance, generosity, some sense of humor, without original wit, you may be just, but you are sarcastic and are disposed to be hard on sinners. Collit vate gentleness and charity. 2. For a girl of the age you mention Ej lia is weighty enough. 3. It certainly doesn't make one fat, it develops chest and muscle. 4. Yours faithfully, Lady Gay.

ELLA, NO. 2.—Your incoherent little note of May 11th lies before me. I fail to understand what you want. I have no other letter from you, so therefore cannot answer questions unasked. Did you request a character study or what was it? Please put two n's in correspondent. Your address made me feel like a party to a divorce suit that gave quite a shock, Ella.

DORIS.—Writing shows mirth and great intuition. In your fun you will never hurt anyone's feelings. You are quick and ready in your effort and inclined to be too prone to look on the silver lining rather than the cloud, careful in the little things that make your own and others comfort, are a little reserved about your deeper feelings and you can probably keep a secret. Long you would make a good friend. You don't quite feel sure of your decision and ability to assert yourself with sufficient energy though.

DARK DUBDEE.—Writing shows strength, lack of discipline, generosity and caprice, some imagination, a little discontent and pessimism, which will become a chronic fault-finding nature unless taken in hand firmly. This is a common fault with impatient eighteen-year olds, dear Dubdee. Dubdee. I have been there myself. I don't ask judging by your writing, that you are at all commonplace, but you need training, self-training, in order to make the most of it. You have enough perseverance and will power to develop something worth while, one of these days. Good luck to you.

FRANCE.—Great persistency and endurance. You will gain your ends by hook or by nook, some perception, good temper, but you will be capabling of a very pretty passion on provocation. You are as refreshing after a deluge of ordinary writings as your cousin Tasmania. Perhaps you are a wee bit fond of no uber one, but in a strong and breezy way, without a suspicion of meanness or littleness I should think to have you for an acquaintance. I see say you'd be an interesting creature for a friend. At all events you've been as sensibly treated by your parents.

DELL D. I NO 2.—I should certainly bow again. Never be anxious to appropriate slights. At any rate be quite sure they are intended. 1. Writing shows some taste, a very, intuitive perception, probable ease of manner and expression, a tendency to waste effort in fruitless essays, some sharpness of temper on your side, little taste for art and music. Its faults are easily corrected, the t's are too tall and the looped letter p's, y's and etc. are too long. You are a little fickle, but the better traits overmatch the faulty ones in you and your writing. I shall be glad to hear from you if you suggest.

FLICKS.—Your gory-looking study isn't easy to delineate. Why, oh why do my dear correspondents use red or purple ink? It is so hard. 1. The writing indicates you know if e is very backneyed, but I have not yet found you its author. 2. Writing shows some originality, carelessness of appearance and comfort, impulse not always controlled by judgment, conscientiousness, the habit of attaching undue importance to personal concerns, determination and scarcely at all obstinate. I don't think you have very keen perception in those things, though you can see where the laugh comes in.

SIMSON.—Your question is not quite clear. If the cousin was a lady the inquiry may have point of sorts, but I confess to finding any slight. It was not like leaving you, or whoever you mention, alone. I don't see how the young man who arrived and monopolized the fair lady was to blame, and you couldn't "demand an apology" from the lady. If she forsook her escort without any reason, as you say, she was not quite polite, but perhaps she had the quite sufficient one of preferring this other man. It's a very little matter and should not worth troubling about. Young ladies are sometimes only thoughtless and not really naughty.

P. Q.—Writing shows great care and conscientiousness, rather a striving after effect, hopefulness, a disposition to conciliate rather than withstand an opponent, good perception and quick sympathy. The study being written on ruled paper is not so good for delineation as it otherwise would be. You have a large imagination and good taste. I should think you lacking in combativeness enough for a politician, in energy enough, for a business man, perhaps your tact, sympathy, etc., would make you an acceptable person. This is all on the supposition that you belong to the element out of which I am by no means positive; in fact, the evidence is rather to the contrary.

A CURIOUS MAIDEN.—1. I don't know of anything that will lengthen them. Long ones are a gift of nature and not to be cultivated. 2 I could not possibly guess your age, but I am sure you are old enough not to put a "i" in oblige. 3 Your writing is very good indeed, but I think it will be better in time to come. It shows a decided tendency to angularity, which will ultimately lead to success, a season able spice of temper—not enough to hurt, rather a lack of it, perhaps, and brightness, generally. You are a little romantic and prone to dreams. There is not much originality nor striking individuality shown, but as I told you I think time will develop several traits now lacking in it. You are mistaken in asserting that we are all prone to vanity. It is absolutely missing from many a lovely character.

LILY, Hamilton.—Writing shows gentleness, great intuition, sympathy and a loving disposition. Were you told you were made of ice, Lily, must have been thinking of the kind the insane lunar is in these July days—the cold metal kind, you know—that we pay so much more than it's worth for. You have all the ease and grace of thought and manner necessary to make you a pleasant companion, and you think a good deal of and about yourself, so you perhaps have gained that priceless knowledge—a thoroughly just estimate of yourself. As you say so, I must believe you, but I believe I could give you a few points which would surprise you. The estimate of those friends who told you you were a book which few could read was not made by a graphologist, and there are traits in your writing which would disturb you too much were I to state them just as they look to me. I won't, but I would like you to come a little more out of yourself and not pay so much attention to number one. Your writing is pretty and graceful, but it is a very schoolgirlish habit to underline your words.

SNOWBALL.—The publication you inquire about is perfectly honest and honorable in its dealings, so far as I know, and I have the best possible means of knowing, as I edit part of it. I dare say the papers have informed you are this all about that competition. The winner was a lady, and received the prize, the result is now in the hands of the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto. Personally, I have nothing to do with the competitions, as that is outside the sphere of my duties. There was numerous complaints made in this wicked world, dear Snowball; probably some one will say your letter is made up by me. Only the other day, on looking at the dozens of letters I was sorting for answering in this very column, such an one said to me frankly: "Oh, I thought you just made up those letters yourself," and the absurdity of the remark didn't seem to occur to him. Your writing shows gentleness and even temper, order and honesty, no hope or impulse, but a laudable perseverance and desire for approbation. I should think you reliable and true, a little fond of conversation, methodical in your habits. The writing is very pleasing, and probably the writer is the same, though not the kind of person to set the Thames on fire.

A Story Without Words.

—*Life.*

An Editor Insulted.

Editors have to put up with all sorts of insults. Not long ago, at a society gathering, a lady said to a young man who is connected with a City paper:

"You ought to belong to a church choir."

"But I can't sing. What put the idea of my belonging to a choir into your head?"

"Oh, nothing, except that I was reading the other day that a New York church proposes to introduce harp music into the choir, and there is not much difference, you know 'twixt a harp and a lyre, so I thought I'd just make the suggestion."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Reverse of a Loss.

Knowgood—The malicious attacks of the editor of the *Bazoo* have entirely destroyed my reputation.

Cutting—What a fortunate thing for you!

A Suspicious Circumstance.

Judge (of a murder case in Missouri)—Did you notice anything suspicious about the prisoner?

Witness—Yes, sirce! He'd just washed his hands, so I knowed at wunst he must hev had blood on 'em, or sum'thin' extraor'nary.

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WRITES:

PROVIDENCE, April 7, 1889.

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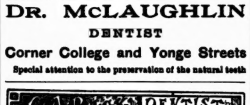

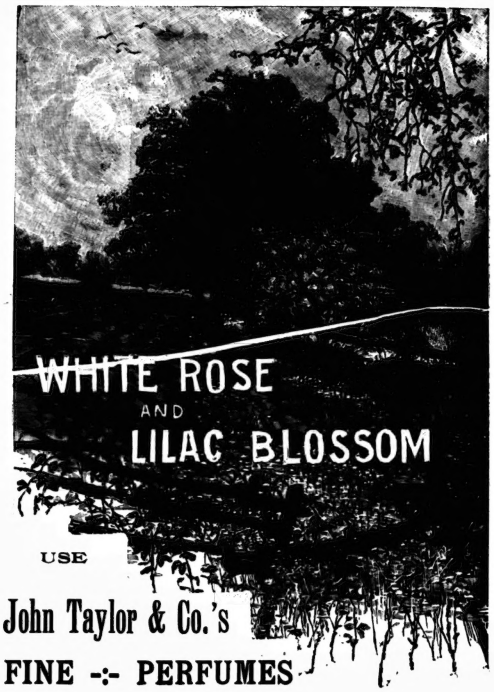

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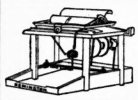

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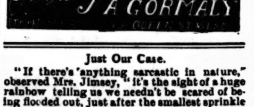

Just Our Case.

"If there's anything sarcastic in nature," observed Mrs. Jimsey, "it's the sight of a huge rainbow telling us we needn't be scared of being flooded out, just after the smallest sprinkle of a shower in a long dry spell, when every one's perishing for rain."

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON THE LAKE.

Out of compliment to the many American visitors in town, and in the expectation of there being a number of excursionists abroad, the ladies of St. Mark's Parish Guild wisely selected last Saturday—the 4th—for their annual strawberry and ice cream festival. About ten or eleven o'clock in the morning a small army of willing workers, members of the guild, assembled to superintend the placing and decorating of the different booths, and by two o'clock—a little later than the hour announced for the opening of the gates—the park presented a wonderfully pretty appearance. As is usual upon such occasions, gaily decorated booths met the eye in every direction, and as is also the rule at any affair of the kind held here, pretty and piquante faces—blonde and brunette—smiled invitingly from behind their respective stalls. In spite of the rather chilly state of the atmosphere quite a number had assembled, when a few heavy showers of rain—untimely as disastrous—necessitated a hasty and undignified retreat on the part of the merry-makers. Forgetful of ceremony, and only eager to gain the nearest shelter, numbers of shrieking and dismayed visitors crowded into the different booths, thankful for a covering which, only erected as a protection from the sun, allowed the unwelcome down-pour to drift in through unlimited chinks and drip with most damaging results down through the perforations of the roof. The strawberry table, remarkably pretty with its overhangings of orange and gray, was in charge of Miss Geddes, Miss Louise Sandham and Miss A. Evans. The candy booth, loaded with delicious creams, toffees and chocolates, all made by the fair hands of the attending waitresses, was in charge of Mrs. Charles Hunter, Mrs. J. Scarth, the Misses Colquhoun and Miss Bertha Paffard. It was one of the prettiest, perhaps, on the ground, the cream, blue and pink of the festooning making a pretty background for the tastefully arranged tables on which the sweets were so temptingly displayed. The national red, white and blue, artistically intertwined, framed the ice cream booth, presided over by Mrs. H. Hewgill, Mrs. Archibald Billups, Mrs. Nash, Miss A. Paffard, Miss M. Gale and Miss M. Waters. At the fancy table, gay in cream and crimson, were Mrs. F. Geddes, Mrs. H. Garrett, and Mrs. D. Macdougall. At the flower table, overhung with white and crimson, and for which the prettiest little shady nook imaginable had been selected, were Miss Arnold and two or three active little assistants, all off whom were later called upon to assist those in the lemonade booth, which, also draped in white and crimson, was only separated from the flower table by a connecting group of fir trees which formed a pretty archway of green between the two. The tea table, decorated with flags, Chinese lanterns and long festoons of bunting representative in color of all the booths, was in charge of Mrs. Morson and Miss Beaven, ably assisted by three or four younger members of the guild. The band arrived about eight o'clock, adding greatly to the enjoyment of those who had dedied the weather and remained for the evening. Among those present were: Rev. J. C. Garret, Mr. C. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. H. Paffard, Mr. and Mrs. D. Creighton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Oswold, Mrs. Bartlett, Miss Griffith, Miss and Miss Edith Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald and the Misses Lockhart, Mr. Gus Barrett, Mr. Leonard McMurray, Mr. E. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ball, Messrs. Ernest and Percy Ball, Mr. J. Lewis, Miss and Miss Lillian Bell, Miss Gale, Miss M. Beaven, Mr. J. and Miss Edith Russell, Mr. Frank and Miss Winnie Smith, Mr. W. Gale, Rev. N. Smith, Miss and Miss A. Blake, Mr. D. B. Macdougall, Capt. J. B. Gale, Miss M. Hewgill, Mrs. Arnold, Miss Kerr, Miss Lucy Purkis, Mr. Allen Anderson, Mrs. W. Lansing, Mr. Russell Wilkinson, the Misses Nora and Gladys Achison, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Blain.

The hop at the Queen's last Saturday was unanimously pronounced a most delightful one. The center of the ball-room, from chandelier to chandelier, was prettily festooned with bunting of red, white and blue from which hung Chinese lanterns, while in recognition of the day and in honor of the unusally large number of Americans present, an immense flag displaying the emblematical stars and stripes draped the piano and the raised platform at the end of the room. Among the many present I noticed: Mrs. Rumsay of Glencairn, Queenston, Miss Maud Langmuir, Mr. Leonard McMurray, the Misses Beatty, Mrs. and Miss E. Heward, Mr. R. Miles, Mr. Ince, Mr. E. Armstrong, Mr. Lowndes, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Gay, Miss Moffatt, Miss Marcia Bryant, Mr. E. and Miss Symons, Mr. Knyvett, Mr. H. Hunter, Mr. Kilpin, Mr. J. and Miss Edith Russell, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. W. Gale, Mr. Moffatt, Mr. Louis McMurray, Mrs. J. L. Scarth, Miss B. Paffard, Miss Arnold, Mr. L. Nelles, Mr. Ernest and Mr. Percy Ball, Mrs. and Miss Geddes, Mr. A. Sawin, Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Miss Fox, Mr. C. Millor, Mr. Coulson, Miss Norton, Mr. and Miss Perew.

Mrs. J. L. Scarth returned to Toronto on Monday.

Mr. E. Armstrong is the guest of Mrs. W. H. Dickson.

The Misses Anderson of Fort Erie were visiting their uncle, Dr. H. L. Anderson, for a day or two last week.

The Misses Heward of Bloor street, Toronto, are at Doyle's hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Gay, Mr. and Miss Moffatt, Miss Bryant, Mr. and Miss Perew, and Mr. and Mrs. Lauros Allen, all of Buffalo, spent Saturday and Sunday at the Queen's.

Miss Nora Huntington is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. H. Watt.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McNair have arrived for the summer.

Mr. F. Knyvett spent a few days in town this week.

Mr. Nicol Kingsmill has rented and will occupy during the summer months Miss Manifold's cottage overlooking the common. The Misses Kingsmill arrived and took possession on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Oswold are registered at Doyle's Hotel.

Miss Bell of St. Louis is the guest of Mrs. J. Lewis.

Miss M. Hewgill, who has been spending the winter in Toronto, is at home again.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Blain are among the summer visitors. They are at Mrs. Nash's picturesque little cottage near Paradise Grove.

Miss Mary Roberts is the guest of Mrs. T. Ince.

Mrs. Kenneth Moffatt is boarding at Mrs. Secord's on Prideaux street.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Creighton were in town last Saturday.

Mr. John Foy has purchased and with his family will occupy during the summer Mr. R. Wilkinson's very pretty little cottage overlooking the lake. Relatives of Mr. Foy have also taken for the summer Miss Baxter's cottage near the Queen's.

Miss Campbell has returned to her home at Uxbridge.

Mrs. Turner of New York is at Doyle's hotel.

Miss Langmuir has been the guest during the past week of Mrs. Rumsay, Glencairn.

Mr. E. and Miss Symons were registered at the Queen's last Sunday.

GALATEA.

BARRIE.

The parsonage at Painswick, a short distance from Barrie, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on June 24, when Miss Murphy, daughter of Rev. Canon Murphy, was married to George Esten, of the firm of Strathy & Esten, barristers, of this town. Mr. Esten is a son of the well known popular secretary of the Law Society. The Rev. Mr. Reiner of Trinity church performed the ceremony. The bride wore a handsome costume and looked very charming. The bridesmaids were Miss Helen Murphy, sister of the bride, Miss Katie Esten of Toronto, sister of the groom, and Miss Hewat. They were all dressed in pink and carried

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

A Serious Case.

"How's your wife this morning, 'Rastus?"
"She mighty poahly dis mawnin', sah."
"What's the matter?"
"Well, de doctor says dat got narvous ability, an' dat de case so serious he ain't got no moah prepositions to make."

Bound To Be In It.

Lippheimer—How you got in dot hotel, Meyer? I understood dey don't take none of our people.

Meyer—Sh-h-h!—I vas a Brahmin—Maya Baba Schunder Sen—It vas a good racket, only I can't eat no meat!

McKENDRY'S

202 YONGE STREET

6 Doors North of Queen

SATURDAY

IN the busiest time of May and June our sales have gone no higher than during this week now closing. The

JULY SALE

is an established fact on our records, and now each year July may be looked upon as the month when all surplus stock of summer goods must go quick before the reduction red pencil. The ladies of Toronto flock here in thousands, surprised to find the very finest fabrics at prices unknown to the trade till 202 sounded the alarm. This sale presents a golden opportunity for mothers of large families to secure Dress Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, Muslins, Prints, Flannelettes and Notions for their boys and girls. Not a shelf has been overlooked in this well stocked store.

GOODS THE FINEST
PRICES THE LOWEST

Every modern convenience for expeditious shopping. If it be possible that any readers of SATURDAY NIGHT have not already paid a visit to this busy commercial center, the sooner the wiser.

McKENDRY'S

202 Yonge St., 6 Doors north of Queen

A Tribute to the Memory of the Late Sir John A. Macdonald

A NEW SONG
FOR BARITONE

"A British Subject I was Born, a British Subject I Will Die"

Words and Music by S. T. CHURCH

PRICE 40 CENTS—A REALLY GOOD SONG

Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association
63 King Street West, Toronto.

MISS ALEXANDRINA RAMSAY
Late of New York.
(Pupil of Dion Boucicault)

ELOCUTION

Pupils prepared for the platform and stage.
SUMMER TERM. Address Office of SATURDAY NIGHT.

LORNE PARK-BY-THE-LAKE

Beautiful for Situation is Hotel Louise

Guests are now taking up their quarters for the season. Rooms should be secured without delay. Splendid large side-wheel steamer "Carmona" and by G. T. R. train service. Post Office and Telephone in hotel. Lawn Tennis, Archery, Billiards, &c. Evening entertainments. Sunday services. Address—

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= ART =
MANUFACTURE
IS THE

MASON & RISCH PIANO

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WE ARE PREPARED
TO HANDLE THE CROWDS

THE BON MARCHE is putting forth its best efforts. We are determined to make the stay of the visiting teachers profitable and pleasant to themselves. A handsome silk dress is the best souvenir a lady can have. It will recall delightful memories of the Queen City of Canada. Read the special prices we have made for next week:

COLORED SILKS		BLACK SILKS	
40c. Pure Silk Surahs, only	$ 25c.	75c. Pure Silk Merveilleux, only	$ 50c.
40c. Pure China Silks, only	25c.	75c. Bengaline, the new material, only	50c.
75c. Figured Pongees, pure silk, only	25c.	90c. Pure Silk Gros Grain, only	65c.
75c Pure Silk Merveilleux, only	39c.	$ 1.00 Pure Silk Gros Grain, only	75c.
75c. Pongor, the new silk, only	50c.	1.25 Pure Silk Gros Grain, only	85c.
$ 1.00 Moire Silks, only	50c.	1.50 Pure Silk Failles, only	1.00
1.25 Royal Armure Silk, only	75c.	1.50 Pure Silk Luxors, only	1.00
1.25 Faille Francaise, only	85c.	1.50 Pure Tricotine Silk, only	1.00
1.50 Rich Satin de Lyon, only	1.00	1.50 Pure Silk Gros Grain, only	1.00
1.50 Beautiful Tricotine Silk, only	1.00	1.50 Pure Black Satin Duchess, only	1.00
2.00 Handsome Brocade Silk, only	1.00	1.50 Pure Silk Surah, only	1.00

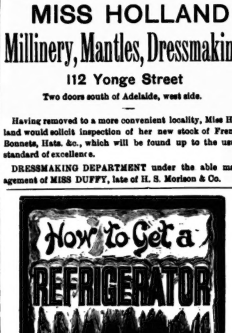
ANY Blouse Waist in our store at one-half the original price. | ANY Colored Parasol in our store at one-half the original price. | ALL our Straw Hats, ladies misses and children's at one-half the original price. | ALL Flowers, Ribbons and Laces at one half the original price.

THE BON MARCHE - 7 and 9 KING STREET EAST

MISS HOLLAND
Millinery, Mantles, Dressmaking
112 Yonge Street
Two doors south of Adelaide, west side.

Having removed to a more convenient locality, Miss Holland would solicit inspection of her new stock of French Bonnets, Hats, &c., which will be found up to the usual standard of excellence.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT under the able management of MISS DUFFY, late of H. S. Morison & Co.



"With special features contained in no other make, and improvements that are the result of thirty years' experience in the refrigerator business, in fact one that is unapproachable in merit, call on us for the famous *LEONARD CLEANABLE* Refrigerator. Costs no more than cheap makes."

WE HAVE SOLD THE

Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator

FOR

FIVE YEARS

AND

Guaranteed Satisfaction in Every Case

H. A. COLLINS & CO.

6, 8 & 10 Adelaide St. West

TO CAMPING PARTIES

We have on hand a full and specially selected stock of camping and picnic supplies, including Fine Wines, Liquors and aerated waters, put up in assorted cases to suit, and shipped to all resorts. We will pay shipping charges on all orders of $10 and upwards. Try our celebrated blende of whiskey—easy to take—and with all the nutritive qualities required by invalids.

Orders by mail, wire or telephone promptly attended to.

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152 King Street East

TELEPHONE 678

TORONTO

N. B.—Try a case (12 bottles) of our Choice Claret, from $3.75 per case and upwards, cheapest in the market. "Aged whiskies our specialty."

CHARLES BROWN & CO'S PARK PHAETON

The Only Two-Wheeler that is a Success in Every Way

BODY AND SPRINGS HAVE No Connection WITH SHAFTS

Entirely new. Elegant in style and finish. The finest trap made for doctors and ladies.

CHARLES BROWN & CO.

6 Adelaide Street East, Toronto

SUMMER DAYS

Hot weather is daily driving the citizens away to seek cool comfort in Muskoka, Grimsby, Niagara and a host of other popular Canadian districts

CAMPERS should see that they have a complete stock of Eatables before starting. The Grange Wholesale Supply Co, 35 Colborne Street, will for the next month make a specialty of supplying Camping Parties.

We carry an immense variety of Provisions to choose from, and carefully pack all orders and ship to any address if desired. The saving effected by buying from us is an important feature.

THE GRANGE WHOLESALE SUPPLY CO.

35 Colborne Street

Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

beautiful bouquets, which produced a most pleasing and artistic effect. Messrs. Harry Esten, H. Chapman and T. Baker officiated as groomsmen. After the ceremony a large number of invited guests assembled at the parsonage, where a pleasant hour was passed in congratulations and in admiration of the numerous and costly presents of which Miss Murphy was the recipient. Amongst those from a distance were noticed Mr. and Mrs. Pangman of Dundas, Mrs. Lett of Collingwood, Miss Ball of Galt, Mrs. R. F. B. Johnston and Miss Patterson of Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Esten left by the five o'clock train for Murray Bay, where they will spend their honeymoon.

BOWMANVILLE.

On Wednesday evening, July 8th, Mr. A. Bingham of the Bell Telephone Co., Chatham, Ont., led to the hymeneal altar Miss Lottie Glover, eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. G. Glover of Bowmanville. The ceremony was performed at the beautiful residence of the bride's parents, King street, by Rev. T. W. Jolliffe, in the presence of a large number of relatives and intimate friends of the contracting parties. The bride was attired in a petticoat of brocaded bengaline, with bodice and train of satin duchess, with bridal veil and flowers, and wore a handsome solid gold bracelet, gift of the groom, and carried a beautiful bouquet of cream roses and maiden hair fern. The bridesmaids were Miss Effa Glover, sister of the bride, who was dressed in pink marvelleux, with chantilly lace and natural flowers, and carried a bouquet of pink and cream roses, and Miss Bessie Sanderson of Colborne, who wore buttercup bengaline with ribbon trimmings to match and carried a bouquet of cream and yellow roses. The maids of honor, the Misses Gertie and Millie Glover, sisters of the bride, wore Swiss embroidery with pink sashes and carried a basket of pink roses. Mr. Hiram Williamson of Cobourg acted as best man, assisted by Mr. Thomas Bingham of Toronto, brother of the groom. The wedding parlor was one mass of flowers; on the arch were roses and water lilies and above the bridal couple hung a lovely floral bell. A splendid dinner was served in the spacious dining-room, after which the happy couple left on the express for Kingston, Thousand Islands and Montreal, where they will spend their honeymoon. The bride's traveling dress was silver gray Henrietta with bengaline trimmings and hat to match. The presents were numerous and costly and consisted of silver, Dresden china, oxidized silver, Doulton ware, paintings, table linens, etc. A beautiful clock, set in black marble, and a suitable address, were sent from the trustee board and friends of the Queen street Methodist church; and from the choir of the church, of which Miss Glover for many years has been the leading soprano, a family bible, hymn book, and a photograph of the choir in a handsome frame, accompanied by a beautifully illuminated address. Mrs. Bingham will be much missed, as she has been a general favorite and has always taken a very active part in the musical circles of the town.

Bathing Dresses.

Whether bathing is or is not voted a fashionable amusement, there are not wanting people who indulge in it, and there is, therefore, always a demand for bathing dresses. The best taste demands plain, simple garments of inconspicuous material and pattern. No gentlewoman would appear in a bathing costume which would attract general attention. Such garments are worn by ladies of pronounced tastes, who enjoy novelties and striking costumes, colors and combinations.

For the best taste there are bathing dresses of serge, flannel and similar fabrics. All-wool goods are generally used, although cotton is preferred by some bathers, and some orders for silk suits have recently been given. The latter, however, must be of loosely woven texture, else the folds, when wet, will fill with air and give the wearer the appearance of a small balloon.

A very handsome garment was recently made of a piece of all-silk *etamine* woven goods. Its meshes were sufficiently close to make a single thickness quite opaque, yet it allowed the air to pass through, even when perfectly saturated with water. This material was used because of the lightness of its. Many materials, when wet, are very heavy. Some flannels absorb so much water that they are burdensome.

Light-weight materials do not absorb so much and are, therefore, preferred by many persons.

A novel bathing-dress is made of coarse meshed lace. The material is the same as that used for canopies, draperies and the like. Several thicknesses of lace are used, the result being an opaque material through which water passes with perfect ease and which does not become heavy when wet. The lace is navy blue in color and has a darned pattern in white linen floss. It is very stylish, pretty and fleecy-looking, and bids fair to become a popular material for this purpose. The dress is white, trimmed hat of the same lace shirred on wires or rattans, and trimmed with bows, loops and ends of the lace in darned patterns.

A very elegant costume is made of black grenadine. The old-fashioned iron grenadine is used, and this is lined with a medium grade of black albatross. A shirred hat of grenadine is worn with this costume. Another dress of grenadine has a lining of black satin, which is lighter and answers all purposes quite as well as the wool goods.

Two Hearts were Parted

There was absolutely no reason for Robinson's branching out as a revolutionist. He was too young to know what he was talking about. Talking was bad enough, but then he began writing to the newspapers.

The first subject he tackled was the condition of the streets, and then he laid down the law on the bridge crowds and the bad manners of men in the elevated railroad cars. Robinson always signed his letters A. Z. because they are the first and last.

Of course there wasn't any sense in the letters, but Robinson considered them masterpieces of art and conciseness, and brought up a great many copies of the papers in which they appeared and sent them to his friends. The friends suffered in silence and not one of them had the kindness and consideration to step forward and tell him what a fool he was making of himself.

Although Miss Elizabeth was a very strong-minded girl, she had her weak moments, and sometimes her instincts, which generally did good work, went back on her. Since Robinson began writing his A. Z. letters to the papers he had been neglecting her just a little bit, and she felt it very much more than she would admit.

One afternoon Rapleigh, who is something of a wit, went up to call on Miss Elizabeth. She liked him very much because he was a friend of Robinson's and always talked about Robinson's good points and said nice things about him.

"I say," remarked Rapleigh, "Rob has been writing another one of his A. Z. letters."

"Has he?" exclaimed Miss Elizabeth. "Oh! but let me look at it!"

Rapleigh handed her the paper. The letter was in the personal column this time.

It read:

"BEAUTY—Will not the lady with the feather who got on the Sixth avenue L at Fourteenth street send her name and make appointment with A. Z., P. O. box 503."

Then there were many tears, and that is the reason why it was all broken off, and why Rapleigh has gone away for his health. Robinson has something of a reputation as a pugilist.

He (at eleven p.m.)—Love can always find this way.

She—I hope you can. Papa has just unfastened the dog.—*Texas Siftings.*

DENTISTRY.

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Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto.

For Headache & Neuralgia
MENTHOL Bingham's COLOGNE
100 Yonge St. Toronto.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

SHAW—At Keene, Peterboro Co., on July 7, Mrs (Dr.) J. H. Shaw—a daughter.

FAIRBAIRN—At Toronto, on July 4, Mrs. W. H. Fairbairn—a son.

READ—At Toronto, on July 2, Mrs. Allan T. Read—a son.

SHAW—At Ibrox, Glasgow, on June 22, Mrs. Wm. J. Shaw—a son.

VARCOE—At Toronto, on June 28, Mrs. F. R. Varcoe—a daughter.

NORRIS—At Toronto, on July 1. Mrs. W. D. Norris—a son.

PLAYTER—At Toronto, on June 25, Mrs. J. H. Playter—a son.

ELLIOT—At Toronto, on July 4, Mrs Reginald Elliot—a daughter.

VERRAL—At Toronto, on July 1, Mrs. G. W. Verral—a daughter.

FERGUSON—At Cookstown, on July 5, Mrs. O. R. Ferguson—a daughter.

Marriages.

FIRTH—KEYS—At Toronto, on June 30, Joseph Firth to Elizabeth Keys.

HARVEY—McQUARRIE—At Mount Airy, on July 1, Joseph O. Harvey to Mary McQuarrie.

RUMSEY—STARK—At Hamilton, on July 2, Alexander Rumsey to Helen Gertrude Stark.

STANTON—COLEMAN—At Niagara Falls, N.Y., on July 2, Francis U. Stanton to Florence E. Coleman.

YOUNG CHOLTE—At Calgary, on June 23, Thomas Young to Helen Choltc.

HOWLAND—SMITH—At Duncan, Mich., on June 24, Peter Howland to Katharine Smith.

FLINN—REDPATH—At Toronto, on June 30, Thomas C. Flint to Jennie Redpath.

BELL—BLACK—At Cobourg, on July 1, Charles E. Bell, M.A., to Alma Black.

HOWE—ANDREWS—At Thornbury, on June 30, S. L. Howe to Villa M. Andrews.

WADE—READ—At Winnipeg, on June 29, Harry J. Wade to Agnes Mae I Read.

PERRY—BRYDON—At Aurora, on June 30, S. A. Perry to Stella W. Brydon.

SHALL—KORMANN—At Toronto, on June 30, Daniel Small to Josephine Kormann.

GRIERSON—MASSON—At Oshawa, on July 6, John F. Grierson to Kate C. Masson.

HARDY—EVERETT—At Uxbridge, E. A. Hardy, B.A., to Annie Florence Everett.

GLASS—MILLS—At Guelph, on June 24, Wm. D. Glass to Emily C. Mills.

Deaths.

BURNS—At Toronto, on July 5, James Burns, aged 21 years.

KING—At Toronto, on July 5, Frederick William King, aged 50 years.

McCURDY—At Toronto, on July 4, Mrs. D. J. McCurdy, aged 28 years.

SHIELDS—At Toronto, on July 4, Mrs. William Shields, aged 75 years.

FREELAND—At Toronto, on July 1, Mrs. Margaret Jane Freeland, aged 60 years.

ROGERS—At Toronto, Mrs. Janet Nixon Rogers, aged 77 years.

KING—At Brantford, on June 30, Mrs. Joseph D. King, aged 54 years.

FORD—At Toronto, on June 30, Mrs. James Ford.

GERRY—At New York, on July 1, Edwin Eddie Gerry, aged 2 years.

WALES—At Markham, on July 2, Mrs. H. R. Wales, aged 65 years.

BRYCE—On July 2, Mrs. W. Bryce, sen., aged 80 years.

MILFORD—At Toronto, on July 2, Mrs. George Milford.

McQUEEN—At Toronto, on June 30, Ann McQueen, aged 79 years.

REEVES—At Toronto, Richard Reeves, aged 74 years.

TAYLOR—On June 30, Mrs. William Taylor, aged 43 years.

MORGAN—At Scarboro', on July 3, James Morgan, aged 64 years.

LINTON—At the Township of Clarke, on June 26, Charlotte Riddell Linton, aged 75 years.

TYE—At Hagsville, on July 2, Frederick M. Tye, V. S., aged 37 years.

DREW—At Elora, on July 5, George Alexander Drew, aged 62 years.

GRAHAM—At Tapleytown, on July 1, Mrs. Peter Graham, aged 85 years.

MUNN—At Toronto, on July 6, James Munn.

MARTENS—At Toronto, on July 6, Carl Martens.

SMITH—At Toronto, on July 7, Amelia Smith, aged 2 months.

FOSTER—At Hastings, Wespall, England, on May 12, John Foster, aged 89 years.

As a diet in Cholera Infantum Nestle's Milk Food is invaluable

Consult your physician. To any mother sending her address, and mentioning this paper, we will send samples and description of Nestle's Food.
Thos. Leeming & Co., Sole Ag'ts, Montreal.

DEAFNESS
ITS CAUSES AND CURE
Scientifically treated by an aurist of world-wide reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely cured, of from 20 to 30 years' standing, after all other treatments have failed. How the difficulty is reached and the cause removed, fully explained in circulars, with affidavits and testimonials of cures from prominent people, mailed free.
Dr. A. FONTAINE, 34 West 14th St., N. Y.

OAK HALL

OUR assortment of Boys' Two and Three Piece Suits at present is at its very best. The styles are the newest, and the manner in which they are made is such that the most critical cannot help but be pleased. In addition to our stock of Tweed and Cloth Suits we have just opened out a magnificent lot of Linen and Nankeen Fancy Suits made in blouse waists and sailor styles. Our prices will be found reasonable.

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115, 117, 119, 121 King St. East
Toronto
W. RUTHERFORD - Manager

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REAL ESTATE, FINANCIAL AND LOAN AGENTS
18 Victoria Street TORONTO — 147 St. James Street MONTREAL
We purchase, sell and rent all kinds of real estate, organize syndicates and manage estates, negotiate loans, purchase and sell mortgages, debentures, etc.
Our list of properties for sale comprises houses and lots at all prices in the best localities. The following are a few samples of selected
COMFORTABLE HOMES
SPRUCE STREET—SEVEN ROOMS, BATH, &c.; GOOD lot; $2,200. Terms arranged.
HAZLETON AVENUE—SEMI-DETACHED, NINE rooms, bath, &c.; $2,500. Small payment down.
BORDEN STREET—A VERY DESIRABLE NEW semi-detached solid brick residence, 10 rooms, furnace, concrete cellar, two gas grates, an elegant home, complete, modern. $4,250, 10 per cent. down, balance arranged.
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The above programme will be continued for July and August. Entries close June 15 for July meeting; July 15 for August meeting. Races will start at 2 p.m. each day. Admission to grounds 75 c.; vehicles 50c.; children 25c.; ladies free. Entrance fees 7½ p. c., payable on dates when entries close for each meeting. Horses eligible May 22, 1891, for July and August. All moneys divided 50 p. c., 25 p. c., 15 p. c., 10 p. c. A horse distancing the field or any part thereof to receive fr t money. Only the right to postpone reserved on account of bad weather or other causes. In other respects the rules of the American Association to govern. All entries must be addressed as below, and none will be received unless accompanied by the entrance fees above provided. The Dufferin Park can be reached by the Queen and Brockton, College, Dovercourt and Bloor Street cars. J. S. CHARLES, Prop., No. 88 Dufferin Street, Toronto.

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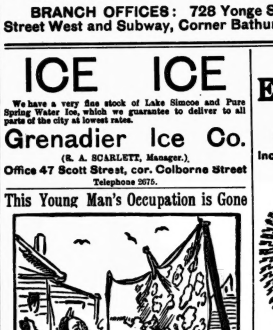

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FIRST PRIZE	$100	FOUR NEXT, $25 EACH	$100
TWO NEXT, $50 EACH	100	TWENTY NEXT, $5 EACH	100

The first prize will be given to the first correct answer to our Pictorial Puzzle as above, which is received by mail at the office of the FIRESIDE WEEKLY on each and every Monday during July and August, the second prize to the following one, and so on. To every fifth correct answer during the whole time of the competition from first to last a prize of a handsome Silver Biscuit Pail will be given, valued at $5, and which cannot be purchased retail for less than that amount. Notification will be sent to the lucky subscribers during the same week that their subscriptions and solutions are received, and the prizes will be forwarded forthwith.

Conditions of the Contest:—Our Pictorial Puzzle must be correctly read to secure a prize, and $1 for six months' subscription must accompany each solution. The subscriptions and solutions must be sent by mail, so that one locality may not have any advantage over another. If you wish to see a sample copy buy one from your newsdealer, or send 5c. to the office and a copy will be sent you by return mail.

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